# *World Review*

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS
*Edited by Edward Hulton*

## Contents

I RESOLVE . . . *by* Berger, *p.* 2
THINKING ALOUD . . . *by* Edward Hulton, *p.* 3
47,000,000 CHURCHILLS. *Cartoon by* Topolski, *p.* 7
PUTTING THINGS RIGHT. A Discussion between the Master of Balliol and the President of the Union, *p.* 11
LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TO JOIN UP, *p.* 16
POST-WAR YOUTH *by* Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., *p.* 17
YOUTH MOVEMENTS, *p.* 21
COMPANIONS OF SERVICE *by* F. C. Happold, *p.* 22
POEM: A THOUGHT FOR 1941 *by* Anthony O'Hagan, *p.* 24
HITLER: STRATEGIST *by* Captain Liddell Hart, *p.* 25
RELIGION TO THE RESCUE *by* C. E. M. Joad, *p.* 33
ISLAND BASES IN THE PACIFIC, *p.* 39
ABOUT ICELAND, *p.* 40
NO MORE WITCHES? *by* Pennethorne Hughes, *p.* 41
THE NEW SCHOOL TIE *by* I. C. Thimann, *p.* 45
THE U.S. NAVY, *p.* 50
THINGS OF EVERY DAY: SILK STOCKINGS *by* George Edinger, *p.* 51
UTOPIA ROUND THE CORNER *by* Alan Jenkins, *p.* 55
THE NEW ATLANTIS *by* Salvador de Madariaga, *p.* 61
THE SUEZ CANAL *by* Noel Barber, *p.* 65
THE HOPE OF YOUTH *by* Tom Harrisson, *p.* 66
MINISTRY OF SPORT? *by* B. J. Evans, *p.* 70
TALLY-HO! *by* Wentworth Day, *p.* 71
A BOOK OF TO-DAY: EUROPE'S ENFANT TERRIBLE *by* A. L. Rowse, *p.* 75
A BOOK OF YESTERDAY: THE FEDERALIST *reviewed by* Patrick Ransome, *p.* 79
THE NEW YEAR FIFTY YEARS AGO, *p.* 82
THE BOOKSHELF, *p.* 84
CROSS-SECTION, *p.* 87

(*Cover by Lambda*)

January 1941

PUBLISHED BY REVIEW OF REVIEWS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE LONDON EC4. CEN. 7400
*Subscription rates: Inland, 15s. p.a.; Foreign, 14s. 6d. p.a.; Canada and Newfoundland, 13s. 6d. p.a.*

# *I resolve . . .*

**PIERRE LAVAL**

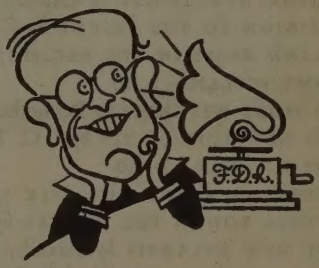
To drink less Vichy water; never again to be hoist by my own Pétain; and not wear last year's Bonnet any more.

**COUNT CIANO**

*Duce far niente!* Edda,
Let's go earlier to bedda;
Not much oil, but plenty Greece!
We tell Gayda talk-a peace . . .

**'OOMPH-GIRL' ANN SHERIDAN**

Get Warners to star me in Sheridan's 'Rivals': then I won't have any.




**EX-AMBASSADOR KENNEDY**

Listen to My Master's Voice: no more talking 'off the record'.

**'OOMPH-BOY' MOLOTOV**

To try to make Adolf less teetotalitarian. After all, I deserve full Marx for my cocktails.

**ELIZABETH BERGNER**

Der film I like to see myself in
Is somet'ing pearly-toothed and elfin:
Herr Meenister of Information,
I *vill* turn cartwheels for der nation!

# Thinking Aloud . . .

## by EDWARD HULTON

A PRODUCTIVE New Year to us all! For production is the paramount consideration. This time last year the Battle of France was about to take place. France failed, and Britain failed, during the winter months, largely because Hitler was not 'missing the bus', but was piling up armaments, whilst we were sunk in Chamberlainesque complacency. The Battle of Britain is due to recommence this spring. With our power to produce sufficient armaments lies defeat or victory.

The Nazis spent £6,000 millions in the organisation of their war machine before the outbreak. Furthermore, the rate of their war expenditure rose from some £2,000 millions at the outbreak to some £4,000 millions per annum. Adding the effort of Italy, the tribute from the conquered countries, and the loot obtained, the total effort of the axis must have surpassed £5,000 millions a year.

### Our War Expenditure

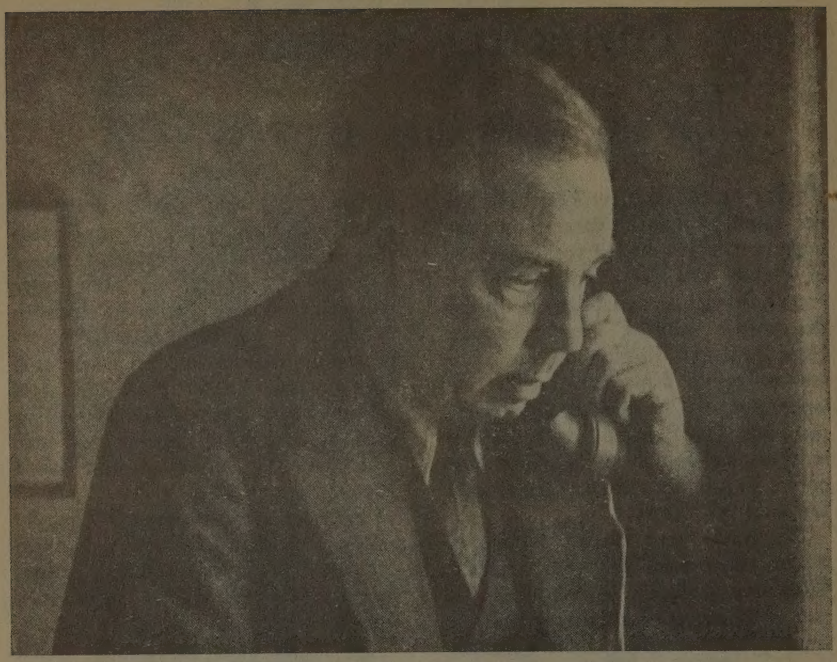
ACCORDING to our Chancellor of the Exchequer, our war expenditure is at the rate of some £3,000 to £3,300 millions. Our pre-war preparations were insignificant, especially if we consider the total loss of the equipment of the B.E.F. So what? We must become serious about economic mobilisation. This means that we must drastically reduce consumption to the level necessary to maintain health and morale, whilst giving to all a proper standard of living. We must also greatly extend war production. This extended production is only possible if we increase our manpower by employing the unemployed; employing far more women; and employing those now engaged in useless civilian production. Productivity can be increased by concentrating production on the most efficient units in all those industries where output is curtailed below peace capacity, and using existing skill and machinery to the utmost in those which have to be expanded.

The continuity of supplies must be safeguarded in the face of the air menace by assembling stock, preparing reserve factories, and moving factories into safer areas.

An export policy is essential which *prevents* the export of essential commodities in primary or manufactured form, except in so far as they are directly needed to increase the war effort of allied and friendly countries; prohibits all exports except against prompt payment in foreign exchange; and finally ensures that all commodities not essential at home which have markets satisfying these conditions and the production of which does not absorb manpower or material which can readily be used for essential war work are, in fact, exported irrespective of their sterling cost of production.

What we need to survive is frankly: (1) conscription of labour; (2) drastic reduction of consumption; (3) taxation of capital. Most workers are willing to make the sacrifice. Most capitalists are willing to make the sacrifice. Alas! there

★



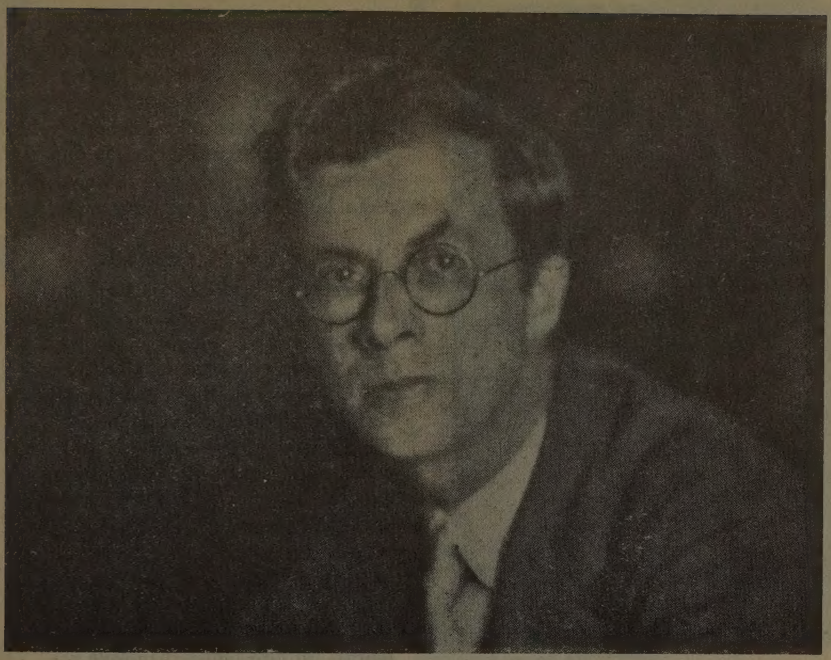
JACK PRIESTLEY: 'still writing champion articles'.

is a do-nothing agreement in the Cabinet. Conservative members of it make speeches deploring the necessity for any sacrifice by labour, and Labour members of it reciprocate by defending the citadels of property. Thus is Mr. Churchill's direction of the war sabotaged.

### Youth Still Clamours

THIS is a New Year Number of *World Review*—a Youth Number. Youth suggests two things. First, education; and second, what may be termed a Youth Movement. It is still not sufficiently realised that there can be no democracy whatever without a really complete system of education. For if the citizens do not possess the rudiments of political knowledge they are incapable of operating a democracy. They fall victims at once to the political boss of the American type—or to the Fascist charmer. All citizens must have, as far as possible, an equal chance of education; and promotion in all walks of life must be by merit, and by merit alone.

In the nature of things there will be leaders and led; but, as opposed to the Fascists, the leaders must be promoted by merit from below, and not imposed by force from above and maintained by force from above. Unhappily, we still have amongst us those reactionaries who contend that it is 'bad for the people to be given ideas above their station', and also workers who fail to grasp the absolute necessity for education. These latter imagine that some magic has given them the ability to take



JULIAN HUXLEY: 'combines wisdom with common sense.'

over functions and offices where others have tried and failed. Such thoughts have brought democracies down in the past, and in our own time are threatening to do so again.

**A Debunking Course Wanted**

AGAIN, though our educationists have striven to give to the people both technical and academic knowledge, they have fought shy of giving to the young any initiation into the mysteries of politics. They have felt that it is wrong for a democracy to 'pump politics into children'. Unless, however, an objective curriculum in the elements of political science can be evolved, our citizens can never play their part in the governance of the state. This would have been pathetic in the past. To-day it is fatal. Unless the young citizen has undergone some course in elementary political knowledge, to include a very thorough section on 'debunking', how can he withstand the propaganda machines, which more and more are going to be turned upon him? Once more, what is being done to educate the young to enjoy the abundant leisure which modern science will bring after the war? We seem to be forgetting Beauty altogether. It is not too difficult to foster good taste. But we are making no attempt to do so.

**Where is Our Youth Movement?**

YOUTH is a bursting force which, neglected, leads to war or to destructive revolution. The *laissez-faire* democracies have made no attempt to canalise it.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

In fact, the idea has recently grown up that because the Fascists have regimented Youth we must leave it severely alone—to rot. This is suicidal folly. Young people long to be useful, and their energies must be recruited by the Government, whose schemes, of course, should be supplemented by private enterprise. Tentative government plans we now have, but a much bolder and more general policy is required, and at once. The principle of the American or Canadian Scout, the principle of Kurt Hahn, is the right one for Youth. And Youth Service for boys must be, though not identical with, nevertheless associated with preliminary military service. Not military service of the barrack square 'stamp your feet' type, but military service of the type followed by the Home Guard; or, should we say, of the type which ought to be followed by the Home Guard. The young democrat should be taught that it is right for him to defend the principles of his own civilisation. Girls would, of course, perform other tasks of an equally useful but essentially different character.

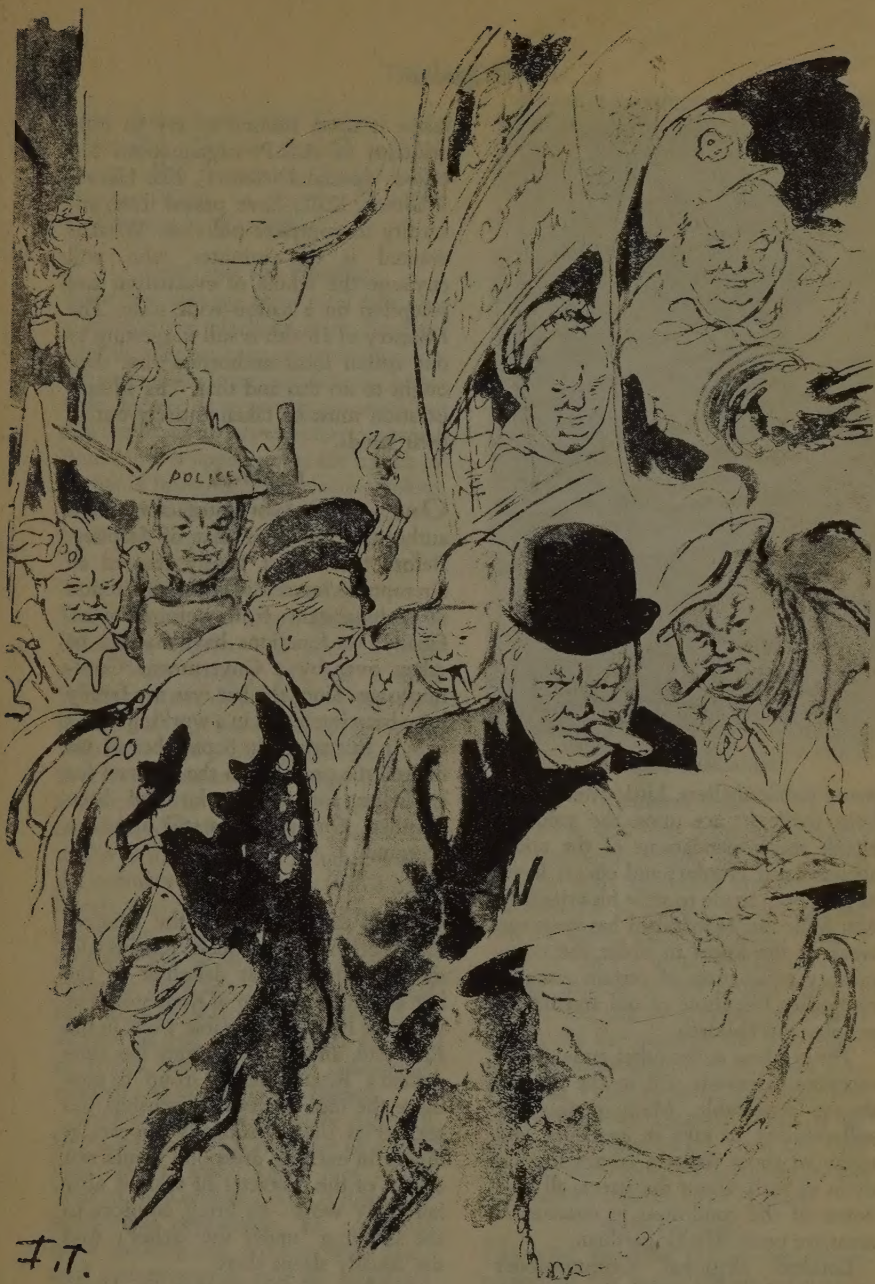
### 47,000,000 Churchills

TOPOLSKI'S cartoon on page 7 was inspired by a cutting from an Italian newspaper. The *Telegrafo*, published at Leghorn, was perplexed by the stubborn British resistance in the face of the German official *communiqués*. 'How is England able to resist?' asked the paper. 'For how long? At the cost of what sacrifices will England be able to hold her ground? Can England—we ask ourselves—prolong her resistance? Is it really true that the 47,000,000 Englishmen are 47,000,000 Churchills—all determined to die under the ruined British Empire rather than give in?'

### The Evacuation Horror

THE evacuation position remains ghastly. The daily press has performed a valuable service in pointing out the facts. But after all it is only human; and it is apt to lose interest in a problem after a while, whether it has really been solved or not. Thus it has tended to give the impression that all is now well with the Anti-Nazi internees. Whereas their position is to-day only a very little better. The same with the problem of evacuation from bombed areas and billeting in other areas. The authorities are now admitting in private that all is not well, but taking a strong line that this must not be conceded in public, and that criticism must be trampled on.

The most elementary sanitary arrangements have not been made in


POLICE
F.T.

DIANA MARR-JOHNSON

many public shelters. Little attempt has been made to act upon the valuable health recommendations of the courageous Lord Horder; and efforts have, in fact, been made to stifle his criticism. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald has been too weak at the knees to order the compulsory evacuation of certain essential categories, like those of old and infirm people, and children.

The position at the other end—in the reception areas—is still in the highest degree deplorable. Many people are still refusing to take in evacuees, and many of those that do so are forcing them to walk about the streets all day. Some of the conditions in evacuation areas are positively Hogarthian.

London Regional Commissioner Euan Wallace has been the most ineffective of ineffectives, and has recently taken it upon himself to try to stifle criticism of A.R.P. organisation. So-called 'Special Dictators', like Harold Willinck, K.C., have passed from absurdity to complete oblivion. What is wanted is *one* minister who will envisage the whole of evacuation and reception on a nation-wide scale. The Ministry of Health is still suggesting to our rotten local authorities that they ought to do this and that. The administration must be taken entirely out of their hands.

### Bad Work

One of the least satisfactory local authorities has been that of Stepney. Before the war it firmly resisted all attempts to interest it in the protection of its inhabitants from bombardment. Finally, its functions have had to be taken over by a Government Commissioner. Since the last war my family have been interested in a working men's club in this area. On September 13 we offered the premises to the Council for a shelter for those who had been bombed. Our offer has still not been accepted.

### Good Work

One of the heroines of the Blitz in East London is Baroness Ravensdale, the handsome eldest daughter of the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. For years she has done valuable work in the East End, and for some time has conducted a 'Responsibility Group' to promote the idea of good citizenship. To see her as she occasionally appears at dinner in evening dress one would not dream of the character of what is now her daily work—to bring comfort to the suffering 'under the arches'. And she usually sleeps there.

Another useful worker is Diana Marr-Johnson, authoress daughter of

Lord Maugham, the former Lord Chancellor. She has opened an institution called Beauchamp Lodge in the Harrow Road, 'a Family Club for Paddington in War Time'.

**Total War and Planning**

THE idea that we want total war plus a scheme for planning with freedom after the war has been growing mightily for some time. It seemed difficult, however, for the enterprising to combine, still less to set up any effective organisation. Now it appears that the march of events is bringing progressive thinkers together in a way which seemed impossible a short time ago.

**Priestley Still Leading**

JACK PRIESTLEY is still writing some champion articles. His position is in some ways unique. He has a solid backing up and down the country. And he is 'new', not being one of the cranks who have been shouting their heads off over every unsuccessful cause for half a century. He is, in fact, one of the natural leaders that this war is beginning to throw up. And he is genuine. He is the ordinary commonsense man a little larger than life, and with that little something plus! Those who have noticed that he won't stand for any nonsense have not always realised that he is about as far from being a would-be dictator as you could possibly be, and is, in fact, one of the most reasonable, modest, and unselfseeking of men.

Another figure in the New Age will be Julian Huxley. A member of a brilliant family, many know him as the head of the London Zoo. Of definitely intellectual appearance, he combines great learning and wisdom with practical commonsense and an impatient desire for action.

BARONESS RAVENSDALE

**A Modern Sailor**

'A NEW star has appeared in my firmament—a sailor of outstanding ability—with an almost incredible enthusiasm for his service, an unsurpassed lust for battle, great popularity—and a man of liberal ideas!'—This from a young marine of my acquaintance. I think I will risk your calling me a snob and reveal the name of the gentleman as Lord Louis Mountbatten. Years ago, in Malta, I always heard him described as 'an excellent officer', which is no mean description in the Navy. At that time he was Fleet Wireless Officer. He is definitely another coming man.

**Bedroom Scene**

HAVING depicted the gloom which surrounds the major theatre of war—the Battle of Britain—so long as we fail

LORD REITH IS TALL

to pull ourselves together and 'go into production', I feel it incumbent upon me to release unrestrained pæans of praise upon the gallant efforts of our Hellenic allies. Actually for days the authorities forbade us to say that the Italians had suffered even so much as 'a reverse'. But whatever befalls, the Greeks have proved that their word 'hero' does not apply solely to the ancient times. As a generous American wrote in describing our own defence of London, 'it makes you proud to be a human being'.

Incidentally, a Greek diplomat friend told me the following true story. The ultimatum came to the Prime Minister, General Metaxas, when he was in bed. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the Prime Minister's bedside telephone tinkled. 'It is the French Minister speaking. I have some vital information to give you.' 'All right, come along,' said the Premier. On tip-toe, in his pyjamas, so as not to disturb the servants, Metaxas proceeded to open the front door. The visitor was the Italian Minister!

Frankly, before the Italian débâcle in Greece our authorities regarded the position in Egypt as untenable. After the gallant efforts of the Greeks it at once became a great deal more than tenable.

**Rebuild!**

In this New Year we look unswervingly to the future, and we dwell for a moment upon the new Ministry for Reconstruction placed under the mantle of Lord Reith. Since its inauguration we have heard little enough of it. It is, however, the earnest hope of us all that it will be permitted really to construct dwellings more worthy of a gallant people. Where Wren was frustrated may Reith be allowed to build England, Home and Beauty!

# Putting Things Right

*Every thinking person has his own ideas about making the World a better place to live in after the War. In an Oxford study, a don and undergraduate were talking things over recently. A. D. Lindsay is Master of Balliol and a Socialist: James Comyn, President of the Union, is a Liberal—and an Irishman.* WORLD REVIEW *was privileged to report this informal conversation piece.*

COMYN: It seems to me, sir, that we're going to quarrel on one big principle. You, as a Socialist, probably prefer to think internationally. I, as an Irishman, don't!

LINDSAY: Oh, I don't think we need quarrel!

COMYN: Well, anything like Federal Union is anathema for anyone who, like me, has lived in a small country, and believes in equality of rights for small nations.

LINDSAY: Yes, but consider the alternative. Why did totalitarianism spread over Central Europe instead of democracy? Because states were afraid. Especially Germany and Italy: they were so uncertain of their own internal unity that they had to invent bogeys like 'Communism' and 'The Jews' to excuse their actions. Nations can't live by nationality alone. There's no widespread organisation like the Holy Roman Empire any more. . . . Yes,

Ireland's position *is* difficult: it has only just got its nationhood.

COMYN: And India?

LINDSAY: Yes. That's one of the first things to be settled. But reverting to the general position: I think the day of the isolated small nation is over. In Europe we now have the choice between a German 'New Order' which the Nazis have made quite clear will involve German overlordship—and an international system, not yet properly defined, *without* overlords.

COMYN: Yes. That's why the League of Nations didn't work, with British overlords! I like the *idea* of the League, but it could have been better applied. It could have been called in when Russia attacked Finland.

LINDSAY (*quickly*): Suppose it had been. Would Ireland have done her job, and given up her neutrality? 'We'll do it last'—that's what neutrals always say. Especially Ireland!

COMYN (*dubiously*): H'm. . . . Still, we're *in* the war now. Or rather, Britain is. The trouble is, what will Britain *do* if she's victorious? Concentrate on settling her own house in order first, and think internationally afterwards? I hope not—she did that last time.

LINDSAY: It should be possible for her to make home and foreign duties go hand in hand. These things are so closely interconnected. I think we shall inevitably find ourselves—yes, you too, Comyn!—thinking as Europeans in this talk.

COMYN: Let's begin at home, then. My standpoint is that Socialism's untenable.

LINDSAY (*lighting his pipe*): And mine, that it's inevitable!

COMYN: Classlessness seems to me impossible. And I stick out against regimentation, which savours too much of totalitarianism. I think Socialism will defeat its own ends.

LINDSAY: It *might*—if that's your idea of Socialism. At present we have the middle class, which enjoys—to an extent—the use of initiative and freedom in selling its labour; and we have the workers who, in their factories, do not. But my view of Socialism is rather broader than you seem to imagine. Perhaps I'm really a fearfully old-fashioned Liberal!

COMYN: My Party—the Liberal Party—has its weaknesses at present, I admit. People take its old battle-cries for granted, not realising that they've become out of date—platitudes, in fact.

LINDSAY: Yes. Also unreal.

COMYN: *Laissez-faire*, for instance, as opposed to what we call 'socialist regimentation'.

LINDSAY: Nowadays industry involves government. Every true democrat must, I think, admit that. Some people mean by Socialism only Communism achieved constitutionally; but that's not *my* idea of Socialism, because Communism is not democratic. I should define Socialism as 'democracy applied to industry'. But people don't think enough what they *mean* by Socialism. It tends to be just an unmeaning slogan.

COMYN: Slogans! We shall probably be snowed under with them after the war. Each Party will come forward with its programme and its battle-cries. Just when the country will demand the *best men*, not parties.

LINDSAY: Irrespective of Party?

COMYN: Yes.

LINDSAY: The parties are already pretty disunited within themselves.

COMYN (*slyly*): Especially the Socialist Party! At least, the Liberals don't *sack*

members for heresy—like Sir Stafford Cripps and D. N. Pritt!

LINDSAY: H'm. Your party hasn't been sabotaged by Communists. That's why we have to be stricter—and sack. Oh, there's plenty of strictness among Left-wingers! Much too much! Trade Unionists are often great sticklers for rules and procedure.

COMYN: Ugh! The New Bureaucracy! I hate it.

LINDSAY: Yes, but there's another side to it. Englishmen love independence. Look how the Workers' Education Association fights any threat to dominate education.

COMYN: I admire men who are *genuine* representatives of the workers. I don't want to see a House of Commons full of university graduates. Many constituencies aren't properly represented at all.

LINDSAY: True!

COMYN (*passionately*): More questions should be asked in the House. It makes my blood boil to see the state of affairs at a cinema I visited. It was supposed to be a clearing-house for evacuees. But when the London 'blitz' started, hundreds of unofficial evacuees streamed down to it—prams, babies and all—and there were no billets for them. Somebody hadn't foreseen, somebody had miscalculated. . . . Surely these poor people are going to demand men who get things done after the war?

LINDSAY: You're up against the fact that certain sections of the working class sometimes can't produce natural leaders. However, there *is* lots of leadership in the working-class. Take a district like South Wales or Cumberland in 1926, when almost *everyone* was unemployed. There was plenty of leadership in their unemployed movements then, because the natural leaders, as well as the unskilled men, were all unemployed together.

COMYN: There are curious cases of overlapping employment. Unilever, for example. I believe they have a kind of 'retaining wage' system, as if to say: 'We use your services when *and where* they're needed.' Thus an employee at London may find himself suddenly sent to Leeds. General result: they employ twice as many people as they actually need. And yet firms like this seem to make the best *provision* for employees.

LINDSAY: The whole question of 'men without work', of course, needs immediate and thorough investigation. But we ought to begin to *think* differently about unemployment. To how many people, for example, has it occurred that University teachers suffer from seasonal unemployment? Yet that fact is as great a gain to them as it is a curse to the artisan. Why? Because the University teacher has security: the working man has not. A University teacher is secured, like your Unilever people, by a 'retaining fee'. The working man becomes *less* efficient because he is workless: the University teacher *more* efficient. A great deal of research is a by-product of this University seasonal unemployment.

COMYN: The Oxford Union staff has a similar problem. They have little to do during vacations, yet they're 'retained'. Why not extend this kind of thing, on a partially 'Unilever' basis?

LINDSAY (*doubtfully*): H'm. You'd have to persuade the Trade Unions of it first. It's against their tradition. They don't like employees to become so dependent on a firm.

COMYN: Going back to our fundamental differences, sir—I *do* see certain strong cases for socialistic nationalisation.

LINDSAY: Good!

COMYN: Mines, railways, armaments—yes. The present attitude of the railways is a scandal. If munition workers can add fifty per cent to their efforts, why can't railways? Their loudly-trumpeted 'difficulties' aren't so very great. They make 'the war' an excuse for every inefficiency, and yet they have the cheek to raise fares and whine for a 'square deal'! There's a case that cries for State control. Nevertheless, I don't want whole-hogging nationalisation. I feel it's a question on which Socialism ought to be blended with Liberalism.

LINDSAY: Nationalisation . . . yes, *our* battle-cries are a bit outworn as well as yours!

COMYN (*swiftly*): They were borrowed from the 1908 Liberals!

LINDSAY: (*swifter still*): No, no! They're much older than that. But Socialism, you know, shouldn't mean utter 'statification' of everything.

COMYN: So don't you agree, sir, that progressive Radicalism meets our needs?

LINDSAY: As a vague phrase—yes. We have to concentrate on government. There's no single pattern for democratising industry, though. All these blue-prints people get out are no good *in toto*. But they're useful. We can use bits of them, applied by principles, not by huge inflexible plans. That's what sometimes makes me so furious with the Labour Party! As when they say, 'We can't cure unemployment till we've got Socialism.' Surely we can be doing *something* about it!

COMYN: I agree.

LINDSAY: But I don't think your party really understands the workers from the inside. The working-class movement is a most spontaneous and thrilling thing to be in. But the Liberals aren't 'in' it.

COMYN: I'm hoping there'll be more give-and-take between parties after the war. There's the danger that everyone will want to 'go back to normal', especially the Conservatives. Isn't there a possibility of a strong Centre Party—say, about five years after the war?

LINDSAY (*emphatically*): No! You can't fight any battle on a compromise. But I've a certain respect for the 'English Way'. Foreigners often misunderstand it. It's *not* compromise, it's an invention. Let there be a good framework, run by the State, with plenty of room inside for initiative and voluntary activity. Planning—in this country, anyhow—shouldn't be merely (in Karl Mannheim's phrase) 'a cage round chaos'.

COMYN: I stick to my idea of a coalition after the war, during what seem to me to be the five most important years in the world's history. Parties will then have a common end. I think Socialists and Conservatives take a rather cynical view of coalitions—like Bismarck's view of treaties: that they're no use when the 'common end' is achieved. In those five years there will be a terrific 'common end'.

LINDSAY: H'm. The 'machine' is the difficulty . . . (*standing up, back to fire, as if warming to his favourite theme*): . . . and meanwhile, the position of the worker in all this! He's tied, you know. He can't belong to many societies. He can afford neither the time nor the subscriptions. So he wants to use his Union for everything.

COMYN: That's why I admire a country that attempts to give the worker a 'vested interest'—(*warming to his favourite theme*)—as De Valera did, with his agricultural scheme. Even if it's only two acres and a house.

LINDSAY: Well, allotments are a step in that direction.

COMYN: I think, too, that in a healthy 'Radical future' the worker mustn't expect everything of his Union. The State will provide culture, entertainment, recreation, hygiene for all. It will aim at an absolutely A 1 mental and physical nation.

LINDSAY: There are several things the State needs but can't do. The Church, for instance.

COMYN: I feel very strongly about *that!* There's a danger of a movement away from the Church now.

LINDSAY: As in other voluntary movements, it all depends on its vitality.

COMYN: Hospitals. There's a case for State control.

LINDSAY: Yes. We say 'he who pays the piper calls the tune'. A bad rule, because he often calls the *wrong* tune. Subsidisation is not a bad way out. It has worked well in adult education. There you have public money, locally controlled. Charity has the disadvantage that the givers often want to govern. . . .

COMYN: Whereas they ought to leave the distribution of their gifts to practised people.

LINDSAY: But let's be more fundamental. Let's begin by saying what we *want* of democracy. It's got a lot to contend with at present, anyway.

COMYN: It's not all the fault of the war, either. We seem to be faced with two alternatives to deal with 'election-apathy'. Either a compulsory vote, or a specific electorate—most undemocratic! I don't like either.

LINDSAY: Depends what you think is behind democracy. Our social problems get more and more involved and specialised—ordinary men and women can't understand nearly enough about them.

COMYN: We might take a lesson from America, and go in more for codification. We've done it already with the Larceny Act.

LINDSAY (*laughing outright*): 'Who's regimentating now, said the March Hare!' Seriously, though, I think we have to keep a balance between natural growth and tidiness. One shouldn't be *too* tidy. If you like, don't be *too* socialistic—in your interpretation of the word—because it just won't work.

COMYN (*smiling*): I think we're both Radicals really!

SO MUCH DEPENDS ON YOUTH

*Some people in Britain would define the purpose of education as the production of good citizens; others might prefer to call it the full and harmonious development of the individual. The two purposes are really one and the same.*

*Much, of course, remains to be done. It is, for instance, a great gap in our educational system that for the majority of British boys and girls education ends at fourteen. But, when conditions permit, that active belief in education which exists to-day will doubtless insist that this shall be remedied. . . .*

*But the latent dissatisfaction with traditional forms of education has become constructive, and has given rise to a wider conception which regards school 'subjects' as means rather than as ends, and concerns itself with the environment, habits, skills, interests, and attitudes of mind of the pupils.*

—from BRITISH EDUCATION by J. E. Hales in Longman's British Life and Thought pamphlets.

# *Letter*
## FROM A
# *Young Man*
## ABOUT TO
# *Join up*

I AM just over eighteen years old. In a few months I shall be called up to fight for Liberty, Democracy, the Rights of Small Nations, the Empire-on-which-the-sun-never-sets, and, my Communist friends assure me, for the shares of armaments stockholders. I find it a little confusing.

For some time a number of newspapers have been pressing the Government for a frank statement of its war aims, without any apparent result.

As the Government cannot or will not face the problem, the only alternative is for us, the common people of England and particularly the Youth, to try and solve it for ourselves.

It is vital to realise in the first place that the evils of Europe are fundamentally economic and psychological. The League of Nations served up cold, like yesterday's joint, provides no solution of the problems of 1940, not even if it is served with plenty of spice to make it appetising, and called Federal Union.

There can be no hope of stability in Europe as long as any nation is allowed to become so degraded by unemployment and semi-starvation—malnutrition is the polite word—that it considers even war preferable to the existing state. The Germans would never have chosen such a gibbering monstrosity as their leader unless their condition had been one of desperation verging on despair.

Therefore the aim of our economic policy after the war must be to secure work and bread for every able-bodied worker in Europe—not merely in England. With, perhaps, a little butter on the bread as well. Our most brilliant economists, men who possess vision as well as technical knowledge, should be set to work to consider the problem *now*. If vested interests stand in the way they must be swept aside; if great sacrifices are required of us we must be prepared for that, too. And if Socialism is a word of fear and horror to you, then for heaven's sake call it 'planned production' or 'social discipline'; only let us determine to get on with the job.

The root of the psychological problem lies in what Sir Alfred Zimmern has called 'the political immaturity of the German people'. The failure to realise this is the cardinal error of those 'intellectuals' who point to the Treaty of Versailles as the root of all evil.

For a century German political life has been dominated by the conception of the individual's complete subservience to the State. This idea, elevated into a philosophic system by Hegel and into a religion by Hitler, has been instilled into successive generations of young Germans with disastrous results for Europe, and above all for Germany.

I believe there is only one possible solution. We must establish in Germany a government of those Germans who do believe in our ideals, who hate Nazidom, perhaps, even more than ourselves. Where are we to find such leaders? Among the scientists and writers, the artists and musicians, the statesmen and philosophers whom our officialdom chose to lock in internment camps. Men whom Hitler drove from Germany because he fears the things of the mind which they represent, men whose spirit is the spirit of Goethe and not of Goebbels, of Beethoven and Bach and not of Bismarck.

We must establish such a government by force of arms, and in the troubled years that will follow the Armistice we must be constantly prepared to support it against any threat of reactionary militarism. Above all we must give it all the aid in our power in its task of reconstruction. Germany must never again become a mere sponge to soak up the surplus capital of foreign nations.

I had a letter this week from a friend who has just volunteered as a pilot in the R.A.F. He wrote: 'To me this war is a crusade for a new and better world in which all injustice and ugliness will cease to exist. This may seem immature youthful enthusiasm, but it must be done.'

And it *can* be done. Above all we must have the will. The real fight will then be just beginning.

B. L.

# Post-War Youth

## by KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P.

*Youth training in the new world—should it be compulsory, or voluntary? Should there be State Control? These and other kindred questions are answered by the first Chairman of the National Youth Committee.*

WHAT is to be the system of youth training after the war? Should it be compulsory or voluntary? Should it be under the direct control of the State?

These questions are not academic, they will depend on what is happening now; no system will suddenly take shape because the war has come to an end.

Moreover, there are indications of new growing points, which may profoundly affect the future organisation of education in this country. In the past too much attention has been paid to German and Italian movements and far too little consideration has been given to the excellence of our own individual and scattered efforts.

It is impossible to dissociate youth training from our peculiar national system of education, and from the experience of proved voluntary associations, such as the Scouts, Guides, Brigades, Boys' and Girls' Clubs, religious organisations, Army, Navy, Air and Civil Defence Cadets. Any attempt to build an entirely new structure outside the educational and voluntary bodies must fail.

For this reason I issued, twelve months ago, as the first Chairman of the National Youth Committee, a call entitled 'Service of Youth', to the hundred and fifty Higher Education authorities, urging them to develop fresh forms of co-operation with responsible voluntary societies; to recognise the years between fourteen and twenty as a fourth province in the education structure; to set up Youth Committees in every County and Borough, and to initiate new experiments.

It is true to say that, in spite of and partly because of the war, there is a ferment of thought and action in most parts of the country.

What is the scale of this adventurous problem? There are three million young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty, of whom about half a million attend some form of full-time education. The remainder are in no man's land. They are young workers of every description, less than five per cent apprenticed to any skilled trade. In spite of a network of evening classes, youth centres and clubs, sixty per cent succeed in avoiding any form of organised social and physical training. The recent Youth Survey in Manchester revealed that over seventy per cent of the youth of Manchester between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five are untouched by Church, Party, voluntary organisation, club or evening institute.

This is not good enough. It is expensive folly to cut short the excellent

all-round education received at our modern senior schools at the age of fourteen. These schools now contain wood and metal workshops, a four-years' course in housewifery, art rooms and laboratories, often gymnasia and playing fields and, where possible, elaborate school-gardens. They are rapidly becoming miniature communities. It is from such an environment that sensitive boys and girls proceed often to the dull and repetitive tasks of modern industry.

### No State Compulsion, Please

What are the chief needs of these young workers? I suggest they are:

1. Their interests must be maintained in some skill or trade, even though it is not directly related to their immediate occupation. Here the educational structure must provide some method of continued study.

2. Most boys and girls desire some form of physical exercise; this must be interpreted in the broadest possible manner and, *inter alia*, should include wholesome food, regular medical inspection, regular exercise, a period of camp in contact with the elements, the country and the sea.

3. Young workers seek companionship and leadership. This can be found best in an organised club with the maximum of self-government. It is here they can find natural outlets and expression for a score of activities, which later show themselves in the richer life of the community.

So much for the outline of organisation and so much for the primary needs of modern youth. What is missing? How is it that our city streets and corners are littered with their aimless wanderings, when the Empire is engaged in a total and universal war for its existence? Should we not integrate the various training schemes into one national compulsory movement?

My own answer is an unhesitating negative. The education and training of youth is far too subtle a business to be monopolised by the State and compulsion. Freedom and experiment is the life and breath of education.

Between now and the post-war years much will happen, but it is possible to discern some lines of future development. It is safe to say that some form of military training has come to stay; that rights and duties of citizenship will be more sharply defined, that the whole system of education will become more unified and more broadened. Any suggestions for youth training must apply to all, whether they are earning their living or attending Public or Secondary Schools.

Perhaps appeals to youth have been pitched in too low a key, part of a vast machine designed to turn out clerks, machine minders and a few successful boys. If this is true, then attention must be turned to the Board of Education, the 315 local authorities and the teachers.

### Experiments *Are* Being Made

The attitude of the Board is too often one of benevolent impartiality. Local Education Authorities are nearer earth, but some of them fail to catch a glimpse of anything else. As for the teachers, they are like the rest of us, first-class and third-rate. We all know it.

How, then, is it going to be possible to inspire this vast and official system with the desire to carve out new models and make new experiments? I can only answer that experiments are now being conducted in a hundred different schools and authorities. This is largely due to the presence of keen and enthusiastic Headmasters, Directors of Education and individual citizens who

are cutting through the cake of custom and tradition. They are to be found equally in Public Schools, in little known Council Schools, in the administrative field and in voluntary societies.

I could identify many of them in almost every county, in England, Scotland and Wales. They are the men and women who are going to remould the content of British education. They are neither theorists nor cranks. Before long they will be numbered not in hundreds, but in thousands. This is by far the most significant and silent revolution ever known in Britain.

### What Is Service?

It is impossible to foresee the precise changes in form which may overtake Public and Secondary Schools; and it would be unwise to attempt reviving old statutes like the Fisher Act. The time has come to strike out on new roads, to give new men a chance of recasting much of the old and outworn educational fabric.

As the Chairman of the West Riding Youth Committee recently wrote:

*We are establishing a Sub-Committee to think out new lines of advance, new activities and methods of implementing them. The result of such study will be circularised to each of our Local Councils in a bi-monthly letter. We shall tell of any interesting experiments held in any other locality.*

This procedure should be followed on a nation-wide basis in a journal of national distinction.

In this article I deliberately exclude the highly important aspect of youth training which is usually called vocational and which may cover anything from proficiency in shorthand to the higher branches of technical instruction. There is, no doubt, much room for improvement on every side of vocational training, and in most cases for a closer relation between theory and practice, whether in the works, on the farm, in the designing room, or at the Technical College. The divorce between earning and learning is a subject which needs separate treatment.

Meanwhile we are faced with three million young citizens in the making, who are at once the inheritors of a long cultural history and the unconscious pioneers of change and reform. Our task is to design a flexible system of training which will evoke and stimulate those qualities which the wisdom of the ages has stamped as admirable and enduring, such as courage, kindness, tolerance, and truthfulness. Youth must have standards of achievement and objects of service.

It is, therefore, no accident that physical training and a blind service to the State characterise compulsory youth movements in both Germany and Italy. The Dictator countries rely on this perversion of aim to secure their own continuance. We must clarify and define what we mean by physical standards and by service. It is here that the ferment of thought and action is stirring the educational world.

### Scouting Points the Way

Mr. Kurt Hahn has emphasised the moral advantages of reaching definite standards in such sports as running, jumping and swimming, because they require discipline of training and are rewarded by the badge of achievement. He attaches great importance also to expeditions, such as mountaineering, exploring, riding or seamanship. He would go further and provide a system of pre-military training. This is an attractive menu, and perhaps provides some corrective to the over-emphasis on organised games, which so often means the many watching the few. But

there is much in Scouting and British educational experience which Mr. Hahn might well ponder more deeply.

At the moment there is an outburst of schemes for Youth Service. They can be seen in East Suffolk, Liverpool, Durham, Hertfordshire, Hampshire, Pontypridd, Selkirkshire, Motherwell, Angus, and elsewhere. In one case Youth Service Squads are formed, in another Civil Defence Cadet Units; but the motive is the same. In some cases young people have been drawn in who never previously joined any club or organisation.

**'Companies of Service'**

The distinguishing feature of all Youth Service is the reality of the tasks: there is no desire to 'play at' jobs in Civil Defence, all form part of the work in a 'Youth Service Corps'. There is a stirring purpose behind it all.

Within Public and Secondary Schools there are similar experiments, some of which originated before the War. The 'Company of Service' plan emanates from Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury. These Companies, religious in background, are frankly out to prepare boys for a new social order; they therefore include a critical and constructive training in democratic government. 'Hazy appeals for good citizenship and the defence of democracy' are not good enough for them. Each boy is expected to show some practical example of service.

Some Companies incorporate Air Defence Cadet Squadrons. One of the best examples I have seen is the Pioneers at Bryanston School in Dorset.

At every stage, whether in physical training or Youth Service schemes, there is need for personal leadership. With the inevitable shortage of leaders in the fighting services it is encouraging to note that courses for leaders are being held at different points in England, Scotland and Wales, and that never before were there so many applications, many from teachers who are anxious to prepare for these new opportunities.

A movement of such dimensions and variety must breed many of its own leaders, as the Scouts and Clubs have done for years past. It would be both impossible and most unwise to take the best of all these schemes and incorporate them into one national movement. This would sterilise growth and forfeit all the advantages of voluntary experiment.

There is, for example, much to be learned from the training and discipline used in the Air Force, from the experience of camp schools, from the out-of-school activities, in both boarding and day secondary education, from long-established Continuation schools working in conjunction with well-known industries, from Young Farmers' Clubs and Village Colleges. Now that there is a special branch at the Board of Education to deal with youth welfare and an obligation laid on authorities to work out schemes, it remains to infuse vitality and energy into the whole structure.

**Where Responsibility Lies**

Education differs from all other Government activities and departments. Imponderables matter: statistics cannot measure character, nor even ability except in the crudest sense. Teachers, administrators and parents are concerned with carrying forward the life-blood of the nation.

Any attempt to form either a national or compulsory movement would be fatal. But there is a strong case for securing a form of leadership and tuition, outside both politics and Civil Service routine.

# Youth Movements

*National Organisation of youth during and after the War is much discussed now. But we have thirteen such organisations already. Are they up to date? Is the churchy, keeping-out-of-mischief atmosphere too prevalent? Theoretically, most are inter-denominational and non-partisan. Consider them:*

BOY SCOUTS and GIRL GUIDES are too well known to need recapitulation. Fun is made of them; yet world membership is 3,500,000 Scouts, 1,400,000 Guides.

The BOYS' BRIGADE, founded 1883, is the oldest voluntary youth movement. Its N.C.O. system is semi-military. Aim: 'a true Christian manliness'. First D.F.C. of this war was won by a B.B. boy. Membership in 1939 was the greatest ever.

The CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE is the 'Church's Missionary Society' for adolescence. Concentrates on drill and sport. Believes good Christians are always the best citizens.

The GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY believes that 'religion is not a part of life but the whole of it'. Full membership begins at 12; 'candidates' can enrol at 7 years.

The GIRLS' GUILDRY was founded in 1900 as a counterpart to the Boys' Brigade. Camping and sports, like other youth organisations. Compulsory Sunday School or Bible Class.

National Association of BOYS' CLUBS concentrates on poor districts. Essentially educational. No mere 'refuge from the streets'. Harnesses the 'gang instinct'. Self-governed, voluntary, progressive.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION was founded nearly a century ago by a young drapers' assistant in London. Used to be laughed at for prudery, but has changed considerably. Its hostels are now internationally famous. Chief age-range: 14 to 20. The 'prefect' self-government system imitates public schools. Very practical work (e.g., mobile canteens) is done.

WELSH LEAGUE OF YOUTH relates Wales to the world in two languages. Music, at the Eisteddfod, is a speciality. Overlaps no other youth organisations.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION plans for 11–14, 14–18 and 18–25 age-groups. No girl need be lonely if there is a Y.W.C.A. branch in the district. Extends all over the world. Dances and other 'mixed' activities are very important: girls demand them at an earlier age than boys. Eighty-five years old, the Y.W.C.A. keeps up to date.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GIRLS' CLUBS provides alternatives to cinemas and dance-halls. Amateur drama a speciality. Educational, democratic.

GIRLS' LIFE BRIGADE is strongly religious, also temperance. An offshoot of the Sunday School Union. Cadet section caters for 6–10 age-group.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF YOUNG FARMERS' CLUBS is genuinely young, gay, practical. Rapidly spreading in the Dominions. Members (both sexes) buy and sell their own produce. Country and town alike can belong.

*How many of these organisations actually spring* from *youth? How are they affected by conscription? Should they (as in America) study politics more? Do wealthy children belong to them? What elements could, if desired, be united into a single national movement? Should the sexes be segregated? These points the youth-planners of the new age will have to consider.*—A. J.

# Companions of Service

## by F. C. HAPPOLD

*The Headmaster of Bishop Wordsworth's School, Salisbury, explains a scheme whereby youth may contribute to the building of a new social order.*

OUR first task is to bring the war to a successful conclusion. There are some who say that it is foolish to think of anything else. Yet the transition from war to peace will be much more difficult if we have not thought out, at any rate in outline, the sort of new order we desire. We may not be able to plan in detail until the pattern of the post-war world is clearer; we can start, even now, to train the sort of people who will be capable of rebuilding a shattered world.

The work of rebuilding will be arduous and will be fraught with danger. We shall need not only statesmen bold enough to speak the truth, however unpalatable, who will scorn to deceive the electorate with smooth words and the promise of easy remedies; we shall need also men and women who can recognise true leadership when it is present, prepared to accept discipline and sacrifice, a directive core in the body politic, impelling it towards finer and more splendid ends. They will be the leaders of a new social order, an aristocracy with duties but without rights, drawn from all classes, trained and dedicated, capable of acting as a determining force in the national life.

There are many democratically-minded people who are instinctively repelled by the idea of leadership and who refuse to consider objectively the need of an *élite* in a democratic state. The price of liberty, however, is not only eternal vigilance, but perpetual adaptability to changing conditions. The development of modern techniques has made it increasingly possible for power to be seized and retained, either openly or secretly, by small groups; the complexity of modern problems and the ease with which press and radio can be used to mould opinion make the expression of a popular will more and more difficult. There is a grave danger that, under acute emotional and economic stresses, the people should lose their faith in free institutions and demand or tacitly submit to an authoritarian régime. It is arguable, therefore, that only if there exists a trained, enlightened and dedicated *élite* truly representative of all that is best in the community, can a free form of society function effectively under modern conditions.

It would be unwise to assume that the right sort of *élite* will arise of itself. If we are to have ready these leaders of a new social order they must be created by a deliberate process of popular education, both in the adult world and in the schools of the nation. This article is concerned with how they may be created and trained in the school world.

Shall the necessary form of training be something worked out and dictated from above, or shall it be initiated and developed by the schools themselves?

For England the latter is the better way. The genius of English education has lain in its capacity to create schools which are above all independent communities, each with its own individual life and traditions. The best results will be obtained if the initial impulse is generated in the schools themselves. It is unlikely, however, that anything sufficiently far reaching can be accomplished by individual schools working in isolation. Some form of association and collaboration is necessary so as to ensure the emergence and strengthening of a common aim to develop techniques and to allow of the essential exchange of information and experience.

The nucleus of such an association of schools already exists in the Federation of Companies of Service, which was formed just before the outbreak of war. In its original conception the Federation had for its object the linking together of certain schools which felt the need of training their members in habits of practical social service. Since its beginning, however, the conception has become enlarged. Under the stress of war it has become clear that what is needed is not the setting up in schools of organisations, participating in or training for community work, but rather the acceptance by all schools, both in theory and practice, of the ideal of the whole school as a Company of Service, so that its life, teaching and activities are deliberately framed to train the intelligence, conscience and will of its members for social ends.

### The Importance of *Doing* Things

Once a school is thought of as primarily a Company of Service, its work and life assumes a new orientation. Existing activities are given a fresh direction, neglected or non-existent ones take on a new importance, the standard of values is changed.

Since the majority of boys and girls are most effectively trained through actually doing things, training in the instinct and habit of service, through work for the school or the community outside the school walls, as well as training while at school to take up work of social value when the days of school are finished, will become of even greater importance and be regarded as a central feature in the education of these new leaders.

Though training of this sort is not unknown in many schools, too little is done compared with what might be done.

### Wanted: Realistic Utopians

Valuable as is training in the habit of practical service, it is, of itself, not enough. These leaders of a new social order, if they are to be effective, must be given also a stern intellectual training —an education in social and political awareness. They must be grounded on a sound knowledge of the background of modern affairs; they must be trained in the habit of fact-finding and animated by an ardent love of truth; they must be conditioned against propaganda, mass suggestion and mass hysteria. Their minds must be made at the same time critical and constructive. Not only must they be Utopians, they must also be realists, inoculated against sentimental idealism and the acceptance of easy panaceas, capable of recognising the limitations both in themselves and of the world, willing to accept the fact that seldom is the ideal solution possible, that compromise is often a necessity in human affairs.

Training in habits of practical service may, however, produce only useful social workers; intellectual training may, unless something more is added,

result only in puzzled, destructive critics, lacking in constructive determination. From the day he enters the school the boy must be brought up on an accepted standard of social values, so that he may come to realise that only through discipline and sacrifice can a better social order be brought about, that the duties of the citizen are more important than his rights, that every privilege carries with it an obligation.

This training in social values and social dedication is of vital importance, and is as yet rarely tackled with sufficient imagination even if it is tackled at all. A boy acquires a sense of loyalty to his school, but not always is that loyalty translated into an adult loyalty to the bigger community outside.

On what ultimate foundation shall we attempt to build? Faith in the sure march of progress has broken down; man has singularly failed to control the machine he has invented. He has bowed down to false gods and now he knows them to be false. The world is sick with the accumulated poisons of a Machine Age. The tyranny of the Machine can only be conquered and the poisons eliminated by the release of a new force which is essentially spiritual, by the return to a religious, I should myself say a Christian, conception of life. The ultimate ideal of a Company of Service must be to play its part in the creation, in a twentieth-century form, of a revived Christian Society. To build on any other foundation is to build on sand.

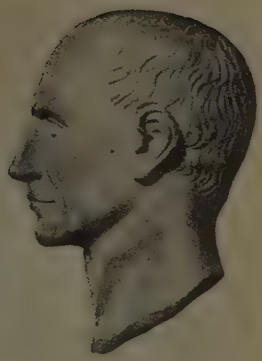
This, and nothing less, is the task of the schools of England at this time, to create a generation of militant youth, dedicated to the task of building, out of the turmoil of the present age, a lovelier, finer England, an England disciplined yet free, a society of our own making, planned for social justice within a framework of intellectual and spiritual liberty, an England which, because she has re-created herself, may yet re-create the world.

# A Thought 1941

I do believe that in this strife
  I could not long unhappy be;
For though it sears across my life,
  the day is nigh when we shall see
The sun again and in its blaze
  the bright Battalions of youth
march out in a triumphal haze
  to lead us back to sanity.
  And while I see them all around
I know that life will never be
  a pettifogging dreary round
of senseless, chill, monotony.
  Now they are bent beneath the yoke
of age-old damned stupidity,
  and in their wheels a rusty spoke
halts Progress; While Futility
  unharness'd struts about the world.
Oh cry new havoc, let us see
  in countless lands again unfurled,
the banners of Reality;
  And let them dazzle in the sun
  and from a billion youthful throats,
  the cry 'A New World has begun'
will rise; Hark now it floats!
  it drowns the ceaseless martial tread,
  it drowns the echo of the gun;
  A flashing lightning it will spread,
'A clean new world has just begun'
  Come shout with me and in this din
  we'll see the New World just begin.

ANTHONY O'HAGAN

by CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART



# Hitler: Strategist

It is wise in war not to underrate your opponent. It is equally important to understand his methods, and how his mind works. We might profit a lot if the War Cabinet had among its advisory organs an 'enemy department', covering all spheres of war and studying the problems of the war from the enemy's point of view—so that, in this state of detachment, it might succeed in predicting what he was likely to do next.

Nothing may seem more strange to the future historian than the way that the Governments of the democracies failed to anticipate the course which Hitler would pursue. For never has a man of such immense ambition so clearly disclosed beforehand both the general process and particular methods by which he was seeking to fulfil it. *Mein Kampf*, together with his speeches and other utterances, provide abundant clues to his direction and sequence of action. Perhaps Hitler's apparent carelessness in this respect is due to a realisation that men easily miss what is right under their eye, just as the art of secrecy lies in being so open about most things that the few things that matter are not even suspected to exist.

Lawrence of Arabia remarked of Lenin that he was the only man who had thought out a revolution, carried it out, and consolidated it. That observation can be applied also to Hitler—with the addition that he had 'written it out'. It is clear, too, that he had profited by studying the methods of the Bolshevik revolution. Not only in gaining power, but in extending it.

It was Lenin who enunciated the axiom that 'the soundest strategy in war is to postpone operations until the moral disintegration of the enemy renders the delivery of the mortal blow both possible and easy'. There is a marked resemblance between this and Hitler's saying that 'our real wars will, in fact, all be fought before military operations begin'.

In Rauschning's account of a discussion on the subject, in *Hitler Speaks*, he declared: 'How to achieve the moral breakdown of the enemy before the war has started—that is the problem that interests me. Whoever has experienced war at the front will want to refrain from all avoidable bloodshed.'

In concentrating on that problem Hitler has diverged from the orthodox trend of German military thought, which, for a century, had concentrated on battle—and had led most of the other nations along the same narrow path of military theory. Clausewitz rejected the idea that 'there is a skilful method of disarming and overcoming an enemy without great bloodshed, and that this is the proper tendency of the Art of War'. He dismissed it as a notion born in the imagination of 'philanthropists'. The outcome of his teaching, applied by unthinking disciples, was to incite generals to seek battle at the *first* opportunity, instead of creating an *advantageous* opportunity. Thereby the art of war was reduced in 1914–1918 to a process of mutual mass-slaughter.

### War Is Only One Weapon

Whatever the limit of his lights, Hitler has far transcended these Clausewitzian bounds. As Rauschning quotes him saying: 'People have killed only when they could not achieve their aim in other ways. . . . There is a broadened strategy, with intellectual weapons . . . Why should I demoralise the enemy by military means if I can do so better and more cheaply in other ways?'

The extent to which Hitler has given a new direction and wider meaning to the German doctrine of war may best be seen by comparing his theory and practice with that of General Ludendorff—the director of Germany's war effort in the last war, and Hitler's former associate in the abortive 1923 project to seize control of Germany by a 'march on Berlin'.

Ludendorff's picture of the way that the next war would be waged was merely an intensified reproduction of the offensives he had carried out in 1918—which had been brilliant in their opening, but barren in their issue. For him the offensive was still a battle-process in which the infantry would be helped forward by artillery, machine-guns, mortars, and tanks until it 'overwhelms the enemy in a man-to-man fight'. All movements should lead to battle; mechanisation would merely quicken the rush to battle. He conveyed no clear idea, and seemed to have none, of the relationship between the different elements in war.

### Policy and Strategy United

Much as there was in common between Ludendorff and Hitler in their conception of the race, the state, and the German people's right to dominate, their differences were quite as great—especially in regard to method.

While Ludendorff demanded the absurdity that strategy should control policy—which is like saying the tool should decide its own task—Hitler solved that problem by combining the two functions in one person. Thus he enjoyed the same advantage as Alexander and Cæsar in the ancient world, or Frederick the Great and Napoleon in a later age. At the same time he had early grasped what the soldier, by his very profession, is less ready to recognise—that the military weapon is but one of the means that serve the purposes of war: one out of the assortment which the grand strategist's instrument case contains.

Instead of giving excessive emphasis to one means, which circumstances may

render ineffective, it is wiser to choose and combine whichever are the most suitable, most penetrative, and most conservative of effort—*i.e.* which will subdue the opposing will at the lowest war-cost and minimum injury to the post-war prospect. For the most decisive victory is of no value if a nation is bled white in gaining it.

**Striking At Weakness**

It should be the aim of grand strategy to discover and exploit the Achilles' heel of the enemy. To apply one's strength where the opponent is strong weakens oneself disproportionately to the effect attained. To strike with strong effect, one must strike at weakness.

Furthermore, while the nominal strength of a country is represented by its numbers and resources this muscular development is dependent on the state of its internal organs and nerve-system —upon its stability of control, morale, and supply. In all the decisive campaigns of history, the dislocation of the enemy's physical and psychological balance has been the prelude to his overthrow—and has been achieved by a strategy of indirect approach.

The true purpose of strategy is to diminish the possibility of resistance. And from this follows another axiom—that to ensure attaining *an* objective one should have *alternative* objectives. For if the opponent is certain as to your point of aim he has the best possible chance of guarding it. A plan must have branches if it is to bear fruit. A plan with a single fixed aim is like a barren pole.

Whether by instinct or reflection, Hitler acquired an acute understanding of these strategic truths that few soldiers have ever perceived. He applied this psychological strategy in the political campaign by which he gained control of Germany—exploiting the weak points of the Weimar Republic, playing on human weakness, alternatively playing off capitalist and socialist interests against each other, appearing to turn first in one direction and then in another, so that by successive indirect steps he approached his goal.

Once his control of Germany was achieved, in 1933, the same compound process was given a wider extension. Having negotiated, the next year, a ten-year peace-pact with Poland, to cover his eastern flank, in 1935 he threw off the armament limitations imposed by the Versailles Treaty, and, in 1936, ventured the military re-occupation of the Rhineland. That same year he definitely began 'camouflaged war' by supporting General Franco's bid to overthrow the Spanish Republican Government—as an indirect approach, in conjunction with Italy, against the strategic rear of France and Britain. Having thus weakened their position in the West, and having also covered himself in the West by re-fortifying the Rhineland, he was able to turn eastwards.

**Britain's Blunder**

In March, 1938, he marched into Austria, and thus laid bare the flank of Czechoslovakia, while breaking the girdle which France had woven round Germany after the last war. In September, 1938, Hitler secured, by the Munich Agreement, not merely the return of the Sudetenland, but the strategic paralysis of Czechoslovakia. In March, 1939, he occupied the country he had already paralysed, and thereby enveloped the flank of Poland.

This process was the modern equivalent, on a wider scale and a higher plane, of the classical art of manœuvring for position before offering battle. Through-

out its course Germany's strength had been growing, both directly by the vast development of her armaments, and indirectly by subtraction from the strength of her potential main opponents—through lopping off their allies and loosening their strategic roots.

Thus, by the spring of 1939, Hitler had decreasing cause to fear an open fight. And at this critical moment he was helped by a false move on Britain's part—the guarantee suddenly offered to Poland and Rumania, each of them strategically isolated, without first securing any assurance from Russia, the only power which could give them effective support. Such a blind step was the rashest reversal of a policy of appeasement and retreat that has ever been conceived.

### Immobilising Russia

Hitler had always planned, as Rauschning shows, to direct his surprise strokes against weak or isolated countries while throwing on his opponents' shoulders the main burden of attack—he had far more real respect for the power of modern defence than any of the Allied soldiers or statesmen. Now they had given him an easy opportunity to do so. In such circumstances his principles of strategy obviously pointed to an immediate attempt to make a pact with Russia that would ensure her detachment. Once that was secured, Hitler was 'sitting pretty'. If the Allies declared war in fulfilment of their obligations, they would automatically forfeit the advantages of defence and be committed to an inherently offensive strategy—without the necessary resources and under the most unfavourable conditions.

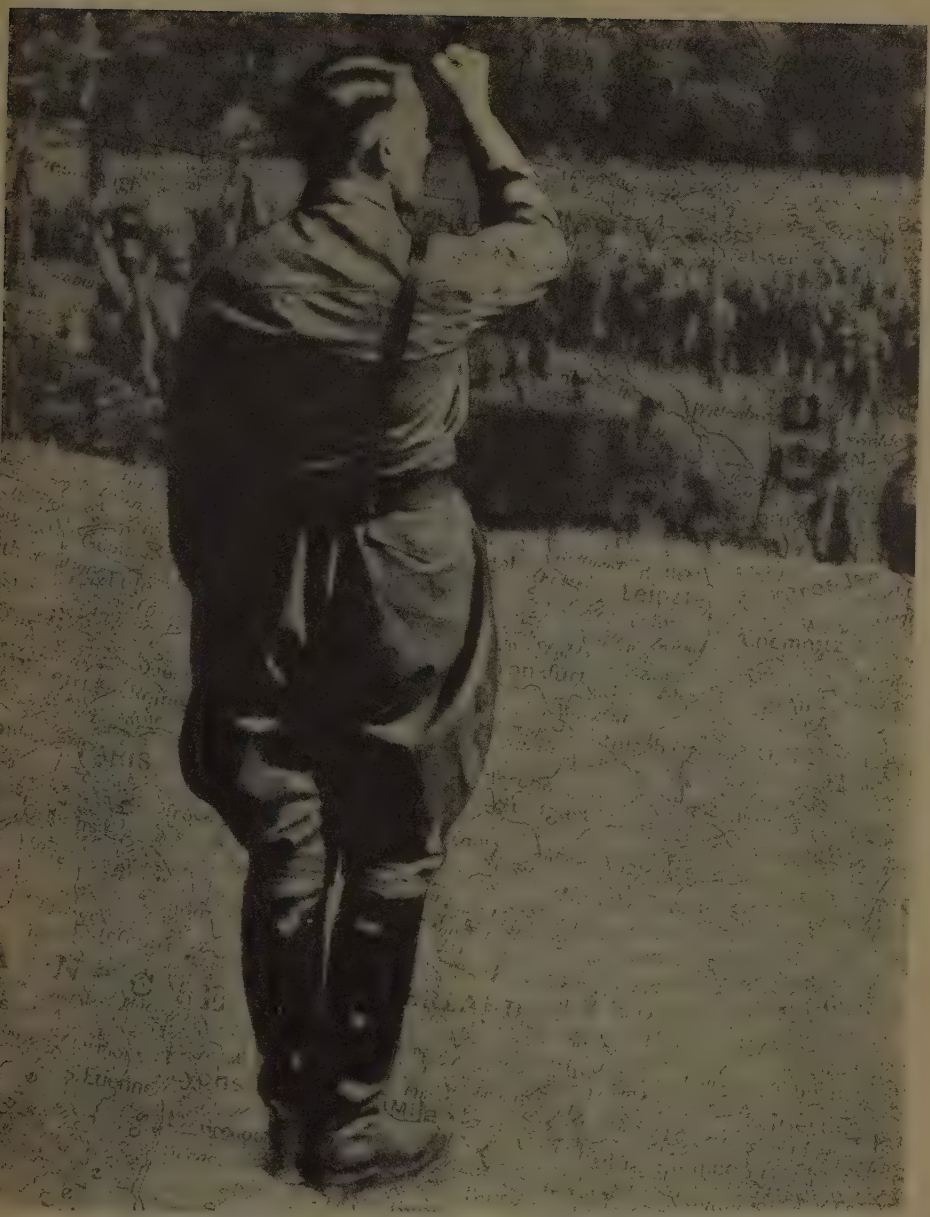
In the event the deliberate offensive which the French attempted made no impression on the Siegfried Line, while the way it was 'boosted' meant that its failure was all the more damaging to the Allies' prestige. Coupled with the Germans' swift success in Poland, it had the effect of increasing the neutrals' fear of Germany while shaking practical confidence in the Allies even more than another compromise could have done.

Hitler was now able to consolidate his military gains and exploit his political advantages behind the cover of his Western defences that the would-be rescuers of Poland were palpably incapable of forcing. He might have maintained this secure defensive until the French and British peoples grew weary of war, as its farcical aspect became plainer. But the Allied statesmen were led to take the offensive in talk long before they had the means to translate it into effective action.

All they succeeded in doing was to provoke consequences which they were unready to meet. For their line of talk gave Hitler a fresh opportunity, as well as an incentive, to forestall them in 'opening up' the war. While many people in Britain and France were dreaming of how some of the small neutral countries adjoining Germany might open a way to her flanks, Hitler was quick to exploit the same way of turning their flanks.

### Planned Six Years Ago!

As far back as 1934 he had described to Rauschning and others how he might seize by surprise the chief ports of the Scandinavian peninsula through a simultaneous series of coups carried out by small sea-borne expeditions, covered by the air force. The way would be prepared by his partisans on the spot, and the actual move would be made on the pretext of protecting these countries against invasion by other powers.



POLICY AND STRATEGY, MAPS AND MEN ARE UNITED IN HIS BRAIN. BUT . .

'It would be a daring, but interesting undertaking, never before attempted in the history of the world'—there spoke the artist of war. This striking conception was more than fulfilled in execution, on April 9th, 1940.

His amazingly easy success, sealed by the equally easy frustration of the Allies' attempted counter-invasion of Norway, must naturally have encouraged him to attempt the other part of his original design. This was to seize the Low Countries as a base for air and submarine attack on England. Whether he had definitely extended his plan to embrace the defeat of France we do not yet know for certain, and must wait for history to tell us.

**What Happened in Belgium**

The most significant feature of the Western campaign was Hitler's care to avoid any direct assault, and his continued use of the indirect approach—despite his immense superiority in modern means of attack. Although he had twice as many divisions as the French and British combined, and an advantage of four to one in aircraft and tanks—odds which would have justified him in attacking the strongest position—he did not attempt to penetrate the Maginot Line. Instead, by his 'baited offensive' against the two small neutrals, Holland and Belgium, he managed to lure the Allies out of their defences on the Belgian frontier. Then, when they had advanced deep into Belgium, their march being deliberately unimpeded by his air force, he struck in behind them—with a thrust at the uncovered hinge of the French advance.

This deadly thrust was delivered by a striking force so small, if composed of armoured divisions, as to suggest that it may have been intended only as a 'try on'. And the fact that it came off was chiefly due to the recklessness, or perilous conventionality, of the French Command in concentrating almost the whole of their left wing for a massive advance to offer battle in Belgium, while leaving a few second-rate divisions to guard the pivotal sector facing the Ardennes—a wooded and hilly area which they assumed to be too difficult as a line of approach for mechanised divisions.

As for the nature of Hitler's aim, the explanation may well be that his was a 'plan with branches'—adaptable to alternative objectives, according to the resistance encountered. Such planned opportunism would be more creditable to his strategic sense, and more characteristic of his practice, than the rigidly preconceived plan which he claimed, in his post-victory speech, to have followed.

It is clear, too, that the rapid progress of the German penetration beyond Sedan benefited much from the fact that it successively threatened alternative objectives, and kept the French in doubt as to its real direction—first, whether it was towards Paris or the rear of the forces in Belgium; then, when the German armoured divisions swung westwards, whether they were moving on Amiens or Lille. 'Selling the dummy' first one way and then the other, they swept on to the Channel coast.

**Avoiding Direct Assault**

The tactics of the German forces corresponded to their strategy—avoiding head-on assaults, and always seeking to find 'soft spots' through which they could infiltrate along the line of least resistance. While the Allied statesmen, vitally misunderstanding modern warfare, called on their armies to meet the invasion by 'furious unrelenting assault', the German tank-tide swept round and past their clumsy infantry mops.

While the Allied commanders thought in terms of battle, the new German commanders sought to eliminate it by producing the strategic paralysis of their opponents—using their tanks, dive-bombers, and parachutists to spread confusion and dislocate communications. The outcome cast an ironical reflection on the complacent assumption of one of the Allied chiefs that the opposing generals would be handicapped by the fact that none of them had been more than captains in the last war.

#### Borrowed from Bolsheviks

But this exploitation of new weapons, tactics, and strategy does not cover all the factors in Germany's run of success. In Hitler's warfare the indirect approach has been carried into wider fields and deeper strata. Here he profited by studying the Bolshevik technique of revolution, just as the new German Army had profited by applying the British-evolved technique of mechanised warfare. To prepare the way for his offensive, he sought to find influential adherents in the other country who would undermine its resistance, make trouble in his interest, and be ready to form a new government compliant to his aims. Bribery was unnecessary—he counted on self-seeking ambition, authoritarian inclination, and party-spirit to provide him with willing and unwitting agents among the ruling classes.

Then to open the way, at the chosen moment, he aimed to use an infiltration of storm-troopers who would cross the frontier while peace still prevailed, as commercial travellers or holiday-makers, and don the enemy's uniform when the word came; their rôle was to sabotage communications, spread false reports, and, if possible, kidnap the other country's leading men. This disguised vanguard would in turn be backed up by air-borne troops.

In the warfare he intended to stage, frontal advances would be either a bluff or a walking-on part. The leading rôle would always be played by the rear attack in one of its forms. He was contemptuous of assaults and bayonet-charges—the A.B.C. of the traditional soldier. His way in warfare began with a double D—demoralisation and disorganisation. Above all, war would be waged by suggestion—by words instead of weapons, propaganda replacing the projectile.

Just as an artillery bombardment was used in the last war to crush the enemy's defences before the infantry advanced, so a moral bombardment would be used in future. All types of ammunition would be used, but especially revolutionary propaganda.

The object of war was to make the enemy capitulate. If his will to resist could be paralysed, killing was superfluous—besides being a clumsy and expensive way of attaining the object. The indirect way of injecting germs into the body of the opposing nation, to produce disease in its will, was likely to be far more effective.

#### Force Cannot Crush Ideas

Such was Hitler's theory of war with psychological weapons. If we are to check him we must understand it. The value of its application to the military sphere has been proved. To paralyse the enemy's military nerve-system is, clearly, a quicker and better form of operation than to pound his flesh. Its application to the political sphere has been proved in effect, but not in content.

It is open to question whether it would have succeeded in demoralising resistance if it had not been backed by

overwhelming mechanical force. Even in the case of France, the German superiority in modern weapon-power was large enough to explain her collapse, apart from any decay or disorder of the national will. Force can always crush force, given sufficient superiority. It cannot crush ideas. Being intangible, they are invulnerable, save to psychological penetration, and their resilience has baffled innumerable believers in force.

**But *Grand* Strategy—**

None of them, perhaps, were so aware of the power of ideas as Hitler. But the increasing extent to which he has had to rely on the backing of force as his power has extended, forms increasing cause for doubt whether he has not over-estimated the value of his technique in converting ideas to his purpose.

He is a master of strategy, and has given that art a new development. He has also mastered, better than any of his opponents, the first stage of grand strategy—that of developing and co-ordinating all forms of warlike activity, and all the possible instruments which may be used to operate against the enemy's will. But he would seem, like Napoleon, to have an inadequate grasp of the higher level of grand strategy—that of conducting war with a far-sighted regard to the state of the peace that will follow. To do this effectively, a man must be more than a strategist; he must be a leader and a philosopher combined.

While strategy is the very opposite of morality, as it is largely concerned with the art of deception, grand strategy tends to coincide with morality, through having always to keep in view the ultimate goal of the efforts it is directing.

In trying to prove their irresistibility in attack, the Germans have weakened their own defences in many ways—strategic, economic, and, above all, psychological. As their forces have spread over Europe, bringing misery without securing peace, they have scattered widespread the germs of resentment from which resistance to their ideas may develop. And to these germs their own troops have become more susceptible from being exposed to contact with the people of the occupied countries, and made sensitive to the feelings they inspire.

**—Is Ours, Not Hitler's**

This is likely to damp the martial enthusiasm which Hitler has so assiduously stimulated, and to deepen their longing for home. The sense of being friendless reinforces the effect of staleness, opening the way for the infiltration of war-weariness—as well as of counter-ideas.

Here is opportunity—which could be developed by a fuller vision of grand strategy on our side. So long as we remain invincible, that opportunity will grow. Ours is a simpler goal to attain than Hitler's. To impose his peace he needs complete victory—which he cannot attain without conquering us—and has then to solve the problem of holding down all the conquered peoples.

To gain the peace that we desire we have only to convince his people that he cannot gain such a victory as will give *them* a satisfactory peace, and that the future holds no hope until, realising the emptiness of victory, they give up such a futile pursuit.

# Religion to the Rescue

## by C. E. M. JOAD

*The fundamental problem of our time is so to increase our wisdom as to fit ourselves to meet the challenge of our power.*

It is instructive in these days to look again at Spengler's *Decline of the West*. Not only is the work one of first-rate importance which brings all history within the scope of its vast purview and lays upon the reader a spell so compelling that, while engaged in the act, he finds it impossible to escape the conclusions, but it makes a special appeal because of its topical interest. Spengler died in disgrace, but his book has become the Nazi highbrows' Bible. All Nazis read *Mein Kampf;* highbrow Nazis read *The Decline of the West*. Nor is the fact surprising. Spengler has already, from the Nazi point of view, been so often and so nearly right, that, if he turns out to be right all the time, right in every particular, then the Nazis are set for world domination.

Let me briefly recall the relevant parts of the Spenglerian thesis. The last of the inevitably determined phases through which a culture passes is that of extreme democracy. Art decays; the glowing river of inspiration trickles away into the backwaters of erudition and cleverness; religion flags; men no longer believe in the providential government of the universe, that this life has meaning or purpose, or that it will be followed by another.

Agnosticism in regard to creeds finds its inevitable counterpart in laxity in regard to codes. Epicureanism becomes the moral order of the day, and young men and women increasingly adopt 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die' as the only acceptable guide to conduct. They did it in the later Roman Republic; they are doing it again to-day. Government has become an extreme democracy that maintains its power only by spoon-feeding the people. In Rome the bribes were bread and circuses; in England, the dole and football pools. Great technical proficiency is the keynote of this phase; it is an age of money, metal, and machines.

The phase passes and is succeeded by Caesarism and power politics. The strong government of the Roman emperors succeeds the strife-torn divisions of the later Republic; an autocracy holds the nation in an iron hand; the iron hand extends its grip over neighbouring peoples and the Pax Romana descends upon the Continent.

With the Nazis cast for the role of the Romans, and Hitler assuming the mantle of Caesar, the parallel between the classical and the modern world is as complete as it is gratifying. If the question be put, what produces the transition from democracy to Caesarism, the answer is to be found in the one word 'power', the power of machines that increases production and leads to the monopolization of wealth, the power of weapons that robs numbers of their importance and concentrates authority in the hand of those who command them.

I do not propose to criticise the

Spenglerian conception of history. I confine myself to concentrating upon one factor in his diagnosis from which I propose to draw a rather different deduction. The factor is precisely this factor of power. What has to be admitted is that this generation is prodigiously more powerful than any of its predecessors. By the aid of machinery we have enormously increased our original bodily inheritance. We have made cranes and lifts to extend the power of arms; trains and cars to add to the speed of legs; our productive machines are so many extra hands; our calculating machines so many extra brains.

### Our Greatest Need

The result is that in power both of production and destruction we have enormously outstripped every preceding generation. The trouble is that we do not know how rightly to use it. While our power has increased, our wisdom has not; in fact, the disparity between our power and our wisdom is at once the peculiar characteristic and the characteristic danger of our civilisation. It is not too much to say that the fundamental problem of our time is that of so increasing our wisdom, or, if the expression be preferred, our virtue, that we may become fitted to meet the challenge of our power.

In power over nature, that is to say, in mastery of the means to life, we have, I repeat, enormously outstripped our predecessors. In knowledge of how to live as individuals (ethics), of how to live together in communities (politics), we are no further forward than the ancient Greeks. What we need is a development of the spirit commensurate with the development of our power.

Such a development has, it is obvious, not hitherto been forthcoming. On the contrary, it is difficult at times to avoid the suspicion that man's control over himself has diminished *pari passu* with the increase of his control over matter. As belief in the traditional religion has declined, young people have been left without a creed to canalise their aspirations or a code to guide their conduct. Lacking any incentive to adopt what might be called a long term insurance policy to life, they have fallen back upon the satisfaction of the more immediate and obvious desires and, like the young people living in the last phase of Spengler's cultures, find in 'let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die' the only tolerable guide to living; a guide which few of us can tolerate for long.

### The Stage is Set

The human mind, said Pascal, naturally believes, the human will naturally loves, and in the absence of worthy objects they will cleave to unworthy ones. The parable of the Seven Devils that entered the swept and garnished chamber illustrates the same truth, the truth that nature abhors a vacuum in the spiritual world, no less than in the physical and that sooner or later substitutes will be found for the religious faith that has declined and the ethical principles that have been jettisoned.

Particularly intolerable is the absence of creed and code to the mind of the young. H. G. Wells has diagnosed in the inability of our civilisation to find adequate outlets for the energy, adequate scope for the talents, and adequate objects for the aspirations of its young men and women, at once its greatest defect and its greatest danger.

*Wisdom holds up her mirror to Power. By Robert Ziller* →

The stage is thus set for a religious revival. It is set (1) because of the disparity between our technical and our spiritual development, between, as I have put it, our science and our wisdom. Unless this disparity can be made up and we can find objectives worthy of our powers, we shall use them to destroy ourselves; (2) because of the absence of a creed in which educated men can believe, and the restlessness and spiritual discomfort that the resultant vacuum entails. Unless this vacuum can be filled, men will be driven to war, to suicide, or to revolution, because of their inability to tolerate a life that has lost its meaning.

### India via America

Yet what form can religion take? It is not merely that the educated consciousness rejects the supernatural tenets of Christianity; what Walter Lippmann calls somewhere the 'acids of modernity' seem at times to have eaten away the very capacity for faith, and one may well wonder whether any equivalent set of dogmatic affirmations about the nature and purpose of the universe is likely to be accepted where the old have been rejected.

It is in this connection that, apart altogether from its own intrinsic interest, the suggestion for religious revival which has reached us in recent months from America strikes one with an air of extreme timeliness. Broadly speaking, the suggestion amounts to a revival of the claims of Hindu mysticism re-examined in the light of modern science.

Let me first try to summarise the position of Gerald Heard as set forth in that extremely interesting book *Pain, Sex and Time*. Heard accepts the diagnosis of the disease of our times that I have suggested above; he agrees that ours is a civilisation which, having mastered means, has forgotten ends. It follows that the basic problem of our civilisation is to obtain a new set of ends.

But a new set of ends can appeal only to a new kind of consciousness. Man in the past has desired power, wealth and comfort, and has been motivated by greed, pride and self-assertiveness. He can only fail so to desire, cease to be so motivated, if he becomes a different sort of creature. In other words, if our civilisation is to survive, we ourselves must change. Mr. Heard asserts that a change in human nature is the next item on the evolutionary programme.

Evolution has passed through two main phases. First, the physical phase, in which creatures were successively evolved who were first progressively larger and then progressively more complicated. The limits of physical evolution were reached in man; hence, if man was to continue the process of development, he must contrive a new method of evolving. He did so, and introduced the second or technical phase of evolution. Briefly, this consists in the making of tools and machines which, biologically regarded, are limbs that we have contrived outside ourselves to supplement our physical inheritance.

### Rise or Fall

We have now reached the end of this second stage of evolution, and unless we can contrive a further method of evolving, we shall relapse and fall back. The technical phase is, indeed, already showing signs of decadence in the shape of increased specialisation without co-ordinating purpose. Scientists reach their results in watertight compartments, while philosophy and religion, which should connect the compartments and pool the results, are sterile or derided.

Meanwhile there is an accumulation of resources that we do not know how to use. Whereas at the end of the first phase the Mesozoic reptiles continued to accumulate fresh tissues without evolving the brains that might have directed their use, at the end of the second, the youth in the car accumulates speed in order to save time, without having the faintest idea of what to do with the time when he has saved it.

#### Mutation in Consciousness

Granted the need for a new method of evolving, on what plane will it take place? Mr. Heard answers, upon the psychical. Hence we are introduced to the conception of a new mutation, occurring this time in the soul of man, as a result of which his consciousness will be so enlarged that it is capable of conceiving and pursuing new ends that are commensurate with his technical mastery of means.

At this stage of the argument a new factor is introduced. If this mutation is to occur, we must co-operate in its production; in other words, we can only change if we will to do so.

Mr. Heard adduces a number of reasons for regarding the mutation that he foresees as immediately practical biological politics. First, evolution has ceased in all other species because they have reached the limits of specialisation. In man alone further evolution is possible precisely because he has not specialised—'so far as bodily development is concerned, he has specialised in unspecialisation.' In man himself we find that physical evolution has ceased for an unusually long period, yet man continues to be animated by immense reserves of energy. This surplus energy shows itself in an unprecedented sensitivity to pain and an unprecedented activity of sex.

Finally, the whole tempo of evolution is rapidly accelerating and the periods between mutations diminish. The steps of the argument are, therefore, as follows: (*a*) evolution must go on somehow; (*b*) it cannot go on in the animals; (*c*) it can go on psychically in man and take the form of a mutation in consciousness.

As a result of this mutation the barrier between consciousness and the unconscious will disappear; we shall consciously realise our oneness with life as a whole with which the unconscious is already continuous, though the fact is at present withheld from us, and our enlarged consciousness will give us direct insight into the nature of reality. Also, incidentally, we shall be free from the spur of sexual desire, lose the capacity for feeling pain, and 'achieve a non-violent sanction for all human relationships.'

#### Intentional or Accidental?

Such, briefly, is the argument. It is, of course, easy to criticise it. For example, it is possible to deny the whole conception of a purposive creative activity behind the process which we know as evolution. Most biologists would, I think, do so. They do not, of course, know why evolution occurs, but there is no evidence, they would say, for the view that it is purposive. And is it really credible that a force, originally blind, should *emerge* into purposiveness? Does purposiveness become, as it were, tacked on to it by accident? If so, the whole human adventure upon this planet, indeed the whole pageant of life wherever it may appear, is the result of pure chance. If not, then the force is purposive to begin with, in the sense that it at least *purposes* to become purposive. Again, on what are the powers and faculties of man's enlarged

consciousness to be directed? Consciousness is always *of* something, and different levels of consciousness are chiefly to be distinguished by virtue of the different objects upon which they are directed.

It is here that Aldous Huxley may help us. In recent books, notably in *Ends and Means* and *After Many a Summer*, he has eloquently described a view of the universe that is broadly indistinguishable from the traditional view of the mystics. Here is a statement of it from *Ends and Means*:

*The mystic exhibits disinterestedness in the highest degree possible to human beings, and is therefore able to transcend ordinary limitations more completely than the man of science, the artist or the philosopher. That which he discovers beyond the frontiers of the average sensual man's universe is a spiritual reality underlying and uniting all apparently separate existents—a reality with which he can merge himself and from which he can draw moral and even physical powers which, by ordinary standards, can only be described as supernormal.*

**Enlargement**

In other words, the universe is a spiritual unity. We are expressions of that unity; indeed, it constitutes our true selves. By following certain rules of living and disciplines of thinking, we can come to know the true self. We can come, therefore, to know the spiritual reality that expresses itself in the true self; and since in knowing the true self we become it, we become what we know. Thus to know reality is to be merged in reality. The answer to the question upon what will Heard's enlarged consciousness be directed is, therefore, that it will be directed upon that reality which is our own inmost essence. Huxley's statement of the position is, however, independent of biology in the sense that it does not postulate evolutionary change as a condition of enlarged consciousness. By following the appropriate disciplines we can enlarge our consciousness now.

'*No Society*', *says Mr. Propter, in* 'After Many a Summer,' '*can become conspicuously better than it is now, unless it contains a fair proportion of individuals who know that their humanity isn't the last word and who consciously attempt to transcend it. That's why one should be profoundly pessimistic about the things most people are optimistic about—such as applied science, and social reform and human nature as it is in the average man or woman. And that's also why one should be profoundly optimistic about the thing they are so pessimistic about that they don't even know it exists —I mean, the possibility of transforming and transcending human nature. Not by evolutionary growth, not in some remote future, but at any time—here and now if you like—by the use of a properly directed intelligence and goodwill.*'

**Repositories of Culture**

And therefore? Therefore this society must be despaired of, and in face of the approaching collapse of their civilisation men of intelligence and goodwill must form communities in which they can keep alive something of the old culture and practise themselves in those disciplines which are a necessary condition of the coming of the new. In *After Many a Summer* Mr. Propter explains how these communities may be made self-supporting. In the centuries that succeeded the collapse of the Roman Empire the monasteries, which were the repositories of the ancient culture, were also the guardians of the new religion that was to displace it. It is precisely such a dual task that Mr. Huxley would propose for his communities in the approaching collapse of our civilisation.

# ISLAND BASES IN THE PACIFIC

THIRTY miles long, seven miles wide, five thousand miles from the coast of California, lies the island of Guam—America's key to the Pacific, the stepping-stone for the American Navy between Honolulu and the Philippines.

Without the link of Guam in America's chain of Pacific naval bases, the Philippines could not stand alone. No fleet in the world can fight thousands of miles away from a fortified base. Food, ammunition, repairs—all are needed, and the repair docks of San Francisco are 7,000 miles from the Philippines. There is a dreadnought harbour at Hawaii, true, but this is 5,000 miles from Manila, while Yokosuka, the mighty Japanese arsenal, is only 1,700 miles from Manila.

Between Manila and America lie dozens of islands under the mandate to Japan. They are perfect submarine bases. But Guam—the odd bit of rock that might one day change history—lies in the middle of them. Fortified, it is a Daniel in the yellow lions' den.

Without it?—Imagine that the Fleet at Jutland had owned no base nearer than New York, and that a German submarine base existed in the Shetlands. That gives you some idea of the helplessness of the U.S. fleet in the Western Pacific. America could fight off her own coasts, yes. But that would not be beating, say Japan.

For years the Navy department has fought for the right to fortify Guam. At last it has succeeded. Now the island can maintain an air force, submarine bases, and would make operations against the Philippines precarious instead of possible.

What are the other outposts of American defence? A vast ocean divides the U.S.A. and the potential enemy, Japan, and America owns the islands that slice that ocean in half. From Alaska, the spinal column of the Aleutian Islands stretches almost to the top of Japan. America holds three strong positions in the islands. Due South is Hawaii—3,000 miles away; the cross-roads of the Pacific.

Then the Philippines. They have 21 big harbours, and Manila Bay, with a circumference of 120 miles, is the finest harbour in the Far East. But remember, in 1945—is that too far ahead?—the Philippines regain their independence.

America, too, has many islands which she has used for flying bases—such as the Canton and Enderbury islands, or Howland Island, 1,900 miles south west of Honolulu, surveyed in 1935 when the Hawaii-Samoa-New Zealand air route was first mooted. It is the Malta of the Pacific—key strategic point and 'half-way house' if ever American and British navies co-operate in the Pacific.

In fact, if we do co-operate—or do another 'destroyer deal'—America's greatest island base in the Pacific will not be American, and will not be in the Pacific. It will be Singapore. But that is another story.

NOEL BARBER.

# About Iceland

Lord Gort recently made a ten-day tour of Iceland 'to report to the Army Council on the progress of special training in a country whose topography resembles the North-West Frontier of India'.

You can never forget the luxurious rounded volcanic hills of Iceland, ice-capped even in midsummer, the great 6,952-foot Vetnajökull and the smaller Eyjafjallajökull. It is a relatively warm country. Never completely dark in summer (owing to the Midnight Sun) it needs no Summer Time. Here, incongruously, are deep hot springs, and if you keep cows you must expect them occasionally to fall in and get boiled alive.

Reykjavik is a prosperous capital, with well-paved streets, fashionably-dressed girls, clean bright shops. Modern, too: only old women wear the native Icelandic costume. Nobody has a beard: the beards of our Royal Marines have caused a sensation since our occupation of the country.

You can hire a car at £2 15s. a day (petrol included) with an English-speaking driver, to tour the fresh-flowered island, which is 330 miles wide between extremities. You will be shown the Thingvellir, about 30 miles inland from Reykjavik, scene of Europe's oldest democracy, the Althing Parliament, founded over 1,000 years ago. Below it, the rock-shored Thingvallavatn lake stretches away like a Scottish loch. The roads are awful—all dust and stones: Iceland can't afford tarmac. It is difficult to do more than 30 m.p.h.

Flying up the Hvita (White River) are eider ducks. Over Laugarvatn geyser a Turkish bath has been built. Our troops enjoy bathing in dammed-up natural hot springs. There's a glacier lake at Hvitavatn, and Icelanders will make the Great Geyser erupt specially for you by throwing 100 lb. of soap into it. The volcano Hekla appears to be extinct now: its last violent performance was in 1766, when it hurled snow, blackened by volcanic dust, as far as the Orkneys, 600 miles away.

A pleasant island; and of great strategic importance in this war. On April 9, 1940, the Nazis invaded Denmark. Next day the Althing took full control of Iceland, the Danish Crown being out of action. A month later British troops were landed, fulfilling guarantees to protect Iceland for the duration by preventing a surprise landing by the Luftwaffe or the German Navy. According to the 1918 Law of Union, Iceland is a Danish Dominion. It is also 'permanently neutral'.

Iceland's economic importance is considerable, and the country enjoys a high standard of living. Britain and Germany, before the war, were her leading customers and suppliers. She depends almost entirely on foreign capital —70 per cent of it British. America's Export-Import Bank has a million-dollar loan at stake there: trade with the U.S.A. would be more if only the U.S.A. needed the fish which is Iceland's chief export. Iceland's strongest bond with the New World is her 'settlements' in Manitoba and North Dakota. Otherwise America has been interested in the country mainly as a potential stepping stone in transatlantic flying-boat routes: in 1932 the Arctic explorer, Stefansson, did some advisory work to this end. But the Bermuda-Azores route was found more practicable after all. Nevertheless, militarily, 'a strong air Power established in Iceland could destroy both air and sea traffic passing over the Great Circle route between Europe and America . . . From Iceland a large part of the American continent is within range of large bombing planes'. Thus an alarmed American in *Foreign Affairs*. An Allied victory, however, will pose a new problem: will Iceland return to Denmark (she doesn't want to), will she pass under the economic control of Britain, or will she find it convenient to join Canada? For it is certain that she cannot stand alone.

A. J.

# No More Witches?

## by PENNETHORNE HUGHES

*War breeds superstition and in the backwash of 1914-1918 even demonology flourished. Is the present war to see a Satanic revival? Pennethorne Hughes thinks not. Witchcraft is under a cloud.*

THE professional astrologers of the Sunday newspapers, loyal to the tradition of subsidised optimism, were, for once, almost unanimous when they declared by the Heavens that war in 1939 was impossible. For good measure most of them killed Hitler and Mussolini early in 1940 as well. This signal inaccuracy on the major issues, however, has made little impression on those avid sons, and still more susceptible daughters, of Scorpio and Virgo

whose Sundays are made or deflated by the personal threats and promises of the stars, as variously interpreted. And as in the war of 1914–18, we may soon see a boom in African mascots, lucky pigs, elephants' hair bracelets, and mass-produced rabbits' feet. When it is remembered that there was, after 1920, a boom as well in the study of demonology, and periodic indulgence at the older universities in the practice of burning puppets of the less personable presidents of the Union, there may be a fear that, whatever happens this time, the same sort of Satanic recrudescence is more or less inevitable.

### The Old Catholic View

This, however, is not likely. For the witch cult, apart from its practice in contemporary degenerate versions of palaeolithic culture, from Africa to South America, and the even more degenerate Voodoo (*née* Vaudois) worship by the West Indies, imported there from 1506 onwards, is dead. The private benefits of unlicensed herbal magic, even, are being edged out of practice, and into Sussex novels, by the chain herbalists. Moreover the war, and the social redistribution of evacuation, will hasten the disappearance of much folklore. Almost all the stock approaches to the subject of witchcraft will be weakened, and their appeal decreased. It may be interesting to rehearse them in historical order.

1. *The Orthodox Diabolic Approach*, approving and effecting the mystic and fertility practices, as the memory of an ancient worship, recruited by the magical system bottled in Egypt and the Near East. This only remains fragmentarily in folklore.

2. *The Orthodox Catholic Approach.* This was the standard acceptance of the phenomenon of witchcraft, as the worst of the heresies, when it re-emerged in the Courts of the Inquisition in the thirteenth century. Witchcraft had existed before, but was now seen as the direct evidence of the Devil, and punished, not for the harm it did men, as in the classical world, but for the offence it gave to God. Witches were the servants of Satan, in league with him against Christendom, and witchcraft was a parody of Christianity. The Devil gave his agents supernatural powers of evil, as doctrine attested and evidence confirmed. Holy Church alone could combat their powers, as in the Crusades she had the outside invader, the Mohammedan, and Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch to Live.

This view, with modification or intensification to taste, has always been accepted, with various degrees of caution, by the Catholic Church, and in our own day is presented, with a battery of quotation and a full vocabulary of horror, by Mr. Montague Summers. He still sees the Devil in our midst, seeking with great wrath whom he may devour, or whom, even more malevolently, he may spirit into wolves or vampires. The excesses of the rationalists and the special pleading of the anthropologists give the orthodox view plenty of debating points.

### Business Men Sceptical

3. *Rationalist Disbelief.* With the rise of rationalism and the disbelief in a personal God, came a corresponding disbelief in his reflex, the Devil. By the middle of the eighteenth century very few educated people believed in either with the old profound conviction, although Dr. Wesley accepted both. No miracles, it was felt, meant, after all, no spells. The clear light of reason, later to be focussed by Mr. Lecky, looked down on witchcraft as bunkum, and

priestly bunkum at that. The evidence of the witch trials was put down to torture or hysteria, and witches became crones subjected to individual malice and ecclesiastical persecution. By the beginning of the nineteenth century this was the recognised analysis of the subject received in all civilised countries, and the discredited witch became another useful agent in the campaign to clear the world of popery, nonsense, superstition, and the non-acceptance generally of the profits standard of a bourgeois world.

This no-nonsense pack o' lies picture still retains the allegiance of most hard-headed stockbrokers, although those in the more co-cultural suburbs have heard of the anthropological school as well.

**Cats and Cauldrons**

4. *The Romantic Rationalist Approach.* By the middle of the nineteenth century sentiment had swamped the simple affirmation that witches had not existed and did not exist. Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft* set the pace for a succession of historical romances which careered through Harrison Ainsworth to (at the end of the shelf) *Dracula* and so many bad dreams in the dormitory.

During the process the popular conception of the witch grew up. She was either a hostile and wicked old woman or a misunderstood and martyred one. In either case, despite all evidence, she was old and a woman. If hostile, she possessed the full accoutrements of Macbeth's witches, and no teeth. She had nut-cracker jaws, rags, and a hat like an Eisteddfod advertisement. She possessed a cat and a cauldron, and was given to the preparation of hellish brews from toads and herbs, and to association largely with corpses. She spat and poisoned and cackled about on a broomstick. By this time, if the artist had decorously focused the moon on the gibbet in the foreground, she was wearing no clothes and her figure was more youthful. She lived in the heart of a forest, in a little hut with small children in the oven, and her name was Old Mother something. If not hostile, she was a poor, harmless old woman, living on the outskirts of a village, hated because she was deaf.

**Forward to Walt Disney!**

In either case the women were incredibly old, were ducked (which gave the illustrator a lot of fun with the crowd and the comic beadle), and were then burned alive at the stake, in spite of the fact that in law no witch in England was, in all probability, ever burnt alive at all. This peaked-hat tradition, all mixed up with Rackham, the *Ingoldsby Legends* and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, has recently received the reverent confirmation of Mr. Walt Disney.

5. *Romantic Half-Belief.* A certain reaction set in with the 1890's. The diabolists were the first, discarding Victorian religious morality and coming out strongly for the exotic. Heresy and intellectual experiment were tacked on to the romantic stage appurtenances of the witch, and spiritually weary intellectuals devoted much time to such exercises as sitting in a dark room putting a soul into a cat. Meanwhile the Celtic twilight school, deriving from the old-fashioned ghost story, edged towards ectoplasms and popular psychology. This common Edwardian attitude filters on in the whimsy female-novelist school of writers about witchcraft, breaking up in the second generation into diffused groups of folklorists, Freudians, spiritualists, and ghost raconteurs.

6. *The Anthropological Approach.* Sir James Frazer having already become

the bible of a generation, when Miss Margaret Murray published *The Witch Cult in Western Europe*, in 1921, the anthropological approach at once led the field. Witchcraft was revealed, with vigour and documentation, as a genuine cult, the remnant of an extensive fertility belief and magical system possibly first organised in Egypt. Miss Murray proved the existence of covens and the importance of the evidence of the witch trials, and that the credulity of disbelief had made as dangerous errors as that of belief had ever done. Other writers, of less virtue, followed her and still do so. Historically, Miss Murray's work is of the utmost importance.

Finally, the neo-mystics, attached to the theories of Mr. Gerald Heard and the other-consciousness, see witchcraft as the last historical dregs of the old palaeolithic oneness with nature, on the non-physical plane, which individual consciousness and its religious correctives throughout history have practically destroyed. Other-consciousness must be revived through a psychological revolution and, it appears, the practice of Yogi.

### Demons and Dictators

All these various conceptions still coexist in the minds of many people to-day, jumbled together with divination by tea-leaves, stones of the month, and a gypsy tent on the rectory lawn at fête-day, with Miss Scattergood doing palmistry with her face stained. But none of them look as if they need have any considerable sociological vogue after the war. Charms and mascots will continue, but demonology is done for.

It does not mean, however, that toleration has come or superstition died. The emotional forces dominating the world to-day are social, pseudo-racial and political ones. These are religions which will turn their enemies into a mythology of devils. Already the staged religious trials of the Inquisition have been paralleled by staged political trials. Jews, heretics and sorcerers have become Jews, Marxists and Fascists, although it is interesting to notice that in Nazi Germany the persecution of the heretic and the Jew (there are comparatively few lepers left) preceded the struggle against the external enemy, whereas in mediæval Europe it came after it, and there was little smelling out of witches until the Crusades were over. The authoritarian state persecutes with almost exactly the same machinery as did the authoritarian Church.

### Witches and Democracy

The history of witchcraft shows the lingering cult as nothing like so simple as the Catholic orthodox, or even the rational orthodox, believed it to be. (The romanticists, as usual, are cheerfully and utterly wrong.) Our own problems are as difficult. But it is part of the present struggle to preserve a system which is not authoritarian and intolerant, and which can, therefore, allow minority anachronisms to decay, and need not liquidate them, as witchcraft was liquidated, by condoned lynch-law and judicial torture.

The professional astrologers hardly matter. Their customers are probably more safely employed with the simple toys that once were operative magic than they would be with political superstition, where the Names of Power still have a force. And perhaps disillusion in the edicts of the professional prognosticators may give them occasional doubts about the infallibility of authoritarian propaganda. If the stars have let you down, it may be less discouraging when Bremen bays the moon.

# The New School Tie

## by I. C. THIMANN

*'The old education system will not suit the new age. What changes, therefore, must come about?' An article addressed to all who are interested in post-war planning.*

SOME are stirred by war—others merely bored. Some take pleasure in the feats of Spitfires and submarines—others shake sad heads and deplore the wholesale destruction. Many, it is clear, no longer live in the present and regard war as a wearisome interlude which must be borne until the old days return. Here and there men are engaged on exciting jobs beside which the ordinary routine seems pallid, but for most there is the boredom of sirens and stalemate.

Tired or thrilled, most of us have little time for constructive thoughts. However, Sir John Reith has been asked to plan a new Britain, and doubtless his staff is active. But I have not read anywhere of Ministers empowered to plan the new education. For the old system will not suit the new age; what changes, therefore, must come about?

The Declaration of the Rights of Man, cited by the much-maligned Mr. Wells in his *Common Sense of War and Peace*, carries these clauses under its heading of the Right to Knowledge:

*'It is the duty of the community to equip every man with sufficient education to enable him to be as useful and interested a citizen as his capacity allows.*

*'Furthermore, it is the duty of the community to render all knowledge available to him, and such special education as will give him equality of opportunity for the development of his distinctive gifts in the service of mankind. He shall have easy access to all information necessary for him to form a judgment upon current events and issues.'*

Few will quarrel with these modest desires; so, reversing the order somewhat, we will discuss the prospects for Equality of Opportunity, Rendering Available all Knowledge, Forming of Judgments, and Useful and Interested Citizens.

*First—Equality of Opportunity.* It is not long since the dismal aftermath of the Battle of Flanders. At that time, reasons for our unprepared inefficiency were being freely canvassed. Among other causes, it was wondered to what extent the system was to blame whereby our Ministers, Diplomats, and Brass-Hats might owe their position to having been to the right school or married the right girl. Recently Mr. Bevin has returned to the theme. He has said, in effect, that the hand that controls the Hurricane is good enough to carry the dispatch case. This prospect may not excite the R.A.F.; but nothing suggests that our rulers will readily concede their right of way through the Eton-Oxford bottle-neck.

Some believe, of course, that heavy taxation will make continuation of

TOPPERS AT ETON

public schools impossible. This is likelier than in 1918, but still improbable. Capital will contrive to avoid taxation, for most forms of capital cannot be taxed anyway. But even in the field of incomes there will remain men sufficiently wealthy to patronise these country schools—that is, if a ferocious enemy has not destroyed them all: or does he consider their survival furthers his cause? Here and there, old patrons may drop out, but the war will throw up substitutes, only moderately chastened by the Excess Profits Tax. The minor public schools will no doubt make such adaptations as will suit their clients of the upper middle-class. The way to advancement may still cost £300 per annum; education, a mere pound a month.

That is, unless we can equate educational opportunity. Our complacent failure to do so has always amazed foreign observers. Nobody wants complete State control of education, passing all children, rich and poor, uniform sausage-meat, through primary to secondary school (a modest jump made by too few at the moment), and afterwards to Universities, if they can answer stereotyped examination questions. All this is as alien to British taste as Compulsory Lending or breakfast off coffee and rolls.

We need not eradicate the public schools, only our conception of them. Anyone who cares to use them should be free to do so (while private schools will continue to exist, as havens for those too backward or unusual to fit the State-aided scheme); but when it is seen that they confer no advantage, they may be less sought after. For it will not *follow* that their old boys gravitate to the best posts in the military and diplomatic worlds: these will merely contest the right of entry, with the rank and file, to such institutions as will qualify them for responsible positions.

It can be the same with Cambridge and Oxford. These are expensive. But will the demand for places exceed the supply if, for instance, their degrees do not carry nine headmasterships out of ten? Or let us call them supervarsities; let stream from their portals a steady flood of headmistresses and ambassadors—provided that entrance there depend on pure ability. There *will* be places for young titled gentlemen—though limited according to the proportion of the community they represent.

Should the post-war community be so penurious that our public schools remain derelict, there is always the plan that they be used as Junior Universities. Behind their ivy-mantled walls, selected post-matriculation pupils of every kind shall work, play, and debate together before graduating to the

super-varsities. Or does this smack too much of the Hitler Schools for Leaders? What matter?—in defeating that original gentleman, we shall inevitably absorb some of his ideas. We cannot anyhow continue to tolerate the gulf between children which cash creates.

*Second—Rendering Available All Knowledge.* Victor Margueritte's novel of 1927—*Ton Corps est à Toi*—describing the rape and degradation of Spirita Arelli, a Provençal peasant girl, contained an arresting footnote. In it the author strongly urged the propagation of sex knowledge among the poor, to combat feminine ignorance and over-large families. This knowledge, as he proved, was withheld through the agency of the Church, and of politicians desiring more births to offset wartime decimation.

Such a negative policy has rarely obtained here, neither has there been anything positive. No plan to keep to, no optimum of knowledge, no periodic overhaul of subjects taught. The result, I am afraid, is a certain planlessness in the individual, a lack of enthusiasm, which contrasts strangely with the fervour of the pre-war young Nazi. Misguided fervour, certainly; but it *was* fervour. Perhaps we find it difficult to feel enthusiastic at the prospect of a world where the labour supply exceeds the demand.

But to return to our theme. We have made knowledge of a sort available—but *where?* Are not our city schools—to take but one example—the most unfortunate advertisement for education to the juvenile mind? Wonders are daily done there by teachers; but their influence on the individual in a class of fifty can only be negligible. By the end of a day's labour, these hapless children take on a vast imper-

IN A LONDON SECONDARY SCHOOL

sonality, the quietness of which is more to be desired than its interest.

I know something of these schools; and declare unhesitatingly that their destruction—never before envisaged on grounds of economy—now being carried out by an unwittingly beneficent enemy, is an unqualified blessing. The nineteenth century, which saw the birth of most of these sordid erections, was well described as an era of compromise, of grudging improvements conceded in the field of health, education and factory welfare, to reformers and to the vague protestations of the individual. Is it possible to describe our elementary schools as anything but the fruits of compromise? Is it not surprising that anyone should leave those grimy portals to attain eminence in public life? 'L.C.C. boy wins D.S.O.' recently shouted an astonished headline.

But it is not only children who come to these sooty palaces to receive instruction. These are also the homes of adult education; in their gas-lit class-rooms, at their absurd desks, more suited to some Dickensian gnome of a clerk than to a twentieth-century posterior, men, and women too, assemble to complete an insufficient schooling. What a chance we have, when we win the war, to 'render available all knowledge' in bright buildings of modern design!

*Third—Forming a Judgment upon Current Events and Issues.* Children in schools need some knowledge of the political events of the day, and of the lives of people in other lands. They rarely read newspapers, and the English boy's mental picture of his Gallic contemporary, Charles, was always that of an effeminate figure plying too diligently at his homework, or building naïve erections of bricks with his sister, Julie. But if it is valuable that children's education be more realistic, how much the more valuable that adults, whose very lives are shaped by these issues, should, through their knowledge, be able to direct them. Then we might not have the farce of recurrent wars, which are desired by and benefit nobody.

**Basis for Judgment**

It really will be necessary for us to *know* more, if we are to 'form judgments'. The reform of juvenile education may occupy fifty years: that is no reason why there should not be an immediate impetus to adult education. At the moment evening school teaching, the work of the W.E.A. and University Extension, touches few of us: partly through reasons of time and geography. To supplement, I would welcome more wireless instruction, evening programmes devoted to lectures on trade, simple economics, travel, and the history of democracy.

This radio instruction, of course, will not replace the more personal teaching of Institutes in, say, languages. It is useless to claim that people are too tired to think at night. This war, which has brought so many face to face with the problem of how to use their leisure, bristles with the demands of servicemen for something other than the desert of radio inanities which it is supposed they like.

**Good Vintage**

In a small town I lately came across several clubs and works with their own discussion groups: earnest, sensible people—no intellectual proletariat indeed—essential citizens of the post-war world, equipped to take a sturdy critical interest in foreign affairs, in national and local government, and in the doings (if any) of their local M.P. Here is to be seen the nucleus of an awakened electorate, working its will through a free parliament: not the car-cum-radio individuals of Norman Collins's *Love in Our Time*, over whose heads politicians in morning suits have for long been working out their disastrous purposes. Knowledge is not too heady a wine for democrats: and we have seen the tragic docility with which unenlightened peoples have followed unscrupulous leaders.

*Fourth—Useful and Interested Citizens.* To the average person, the activities of the zenana are an open book compared with what goes on in schools. School stories, except in so far as our writers of thrillers may plant a dead body in the headmaster's study, seem a lost art. The co-operation of parents is not invited, and it requires some gross piece of inefficiency to let in the light through the front door. Behind this state-supported

façade flourishes the most astonishing mixture of brilliance and mediocrity.

Does the so-called educational system produce useful or interested citizens? Let us concede that a realistic, non-vocational course to fifteen or sixteen can provide the interest, and the ability also, if the mind of the subject be pliable and able to cope with the activity of his choice.

But, reader, have you never heard tell of the dread spectre of the School Certificate? This bogy first casts its sinister shadow over helpless infants at the age of eight, when their elementary teachers vie with each other to force the maximum number of their charges into a secondary school; and it haunts the secondarian at every turn. As his mercifully brief term of education nears its close, the tale becomes more tense: the enfeebled pupil is laden with punitive amounts of homework, what time teacher and headmaster—for their respective prestige—join in the murderous chase, until the victim is proven and honour is satisfied. Actually this exam is the former University entrance test in disguise: the function has departed, but the vocational character remains; and failure has sometimes cost a job in such varied enterprises as banking and the hemp trade.

### That Matriculation Bogy

This examinational strait-waistcoat must be cast away; though it might remain on principle for candidates to Universities. For those who aim less high I want a wider syllabus, with certificates of competence, perhaps, but no more the grim race, leaving competitors, and trainers too, jaded and breathless.

Mark you, in what is learned under the new régime we want no aimless academic nonsense. There must be realism. What five-year learner of French, under the present arrangements, could confidently demand a cup of coffee in Dijon? Yet even the pimpled pilot of a Heinkel usually talks fluent English. If we are to persevere with language teaching, I suggest we send our children to exchange schools with French or German children.

### A Handful of Reforms

And here a host of suggestions come tumbling over each other: sex education; away with bovine aldermen on education committees; freer interchange of teachers (once in London, always in London: the pay is higher); the teaching of internationalism, with a manifesto of youth, wherein every school leaver in every land signs that he will never support a war of aggression; no more prizes for clever children; no more advertised visits of inspectors, with consequent window-dressing; and some really modern history, with accent not on the Diet of Worms, but on Versailles, or whatever peace we impose on the Nazis in 1942. And please, let us have something better and more lasting than a Government fitness scheme, based, one fears, less on a Christian desire to improve the physique of Stepney than on a tardy emulation of Hitler.

You note (above) that I give the war another eighteen months. This is doubtless the falsest prophecy; but, however long is to be our torture, there will assuredly be time to reflect for our educational planners. Let them be thinking of the colours of the new school tie. There is no time to be lost.

AMERICA'S OLDEST BATTLESHIP, THE "CONSTELLATION"

# *The U.S. Navy*

AMERICA wants to have the biggest navy in the world. On the outbreak of war she planned 100 new ships: now, after the fall of France, she is laying down 201, including 7 battleships, 8 aircraft-carriers, 27 cruisers, 115 destroyers and 42 submarines, at a total cost of 3,861,053,312 dollars. New docks are being built at New York and Boston.

The Monroe-Maginot mentality has been found wanting. True, the crippling of the French fleet at Oran saved America temporarily from her favourite panic, a 'war in two oceans'; yet a 'two-ocean navy', or, rather, two separate navies for the Atlantic and the Pacific, is still necessary if the U.S.A. is to take no chances.

The U.S. Navy originated in the War of American Independence. Washington, in 1775, filled seven ships with stores captured from the British. Next year General Arnold built a flotilla on Lake Champlain which enabled him to postpone the British invasion. There were also local navies in various states to defend American trade against Britain.

Then there was the 'Continental Navy'. Many of its officers and men had served in the British Fleet. The British naval force on the American coast was four times as big, yet the Continental Navy managed to fulfil its chief purpose, to keep open communications with France. But discipline was bad, and the best men preferred privateering. Most famous of privateers was Captain Paul Jones, who, though his ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, was sinking, won a notable victory over H.M.S. *Serapis*.

The Federal Constitution took the navy more seriously, in administration if not in size. Though still modelled on the old Continental Navy in its looseness of control, its quality was first-rate.

Meanwhile, the U.S.A. were involved in semi-warfare with Napoleon. There were successful naval operations against Tripoli in 1803–5. By 1812 Britain was again the enemy, and the Navy, putting to sea without orders, did good work in protecting American shipping. The most important actions were military rather than naval, on Lakes Erie and Champlain, successfully hampering the British Army.

Even in the Mexican War and the Civil War the Navy was still mainly, as it were, an 'Army Sea Arm'. Troops were landed at Vera Cruz in 1846, and the Navy was used to cut off the Confederacy's armies from supplies in the Civil War. In the Spanish-American War of 1898, however, the Navy played a really big part at the battles of Manila and Santiago, its record achievement being the destruction of two enemy squadrons for the loss of only *one* American life.

The Navy was intensively reorganised in 1909 under Secretary Meyer in preparation against Germany's dangerous strength. The years 1917–18 saw no major action on the part of the U.S. Navy, but it added a squadron to the British Grand Fleet, laid vast minefields in the North Sea, convoyed merchant ships and transported a million soldiers to France.

The U.S. Navy lacks major experience; yet it has provided the greatest naval theorist and historian of the world, Rear-Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan (1840–1914). Brought up on the stories of Captain Marryat, he served forty years at sea. He lectured at the Naval War College, of which he became President in 1885. There followed his six monumental books on Sea Power, the basis of all modern naval strategy.

Mahan's genius was first recognised in Britain: both Oxford and Cambridge conferred degrees on him. He was a strategist, not a tactician. He analysed sea-power as it affected the army, politics, geography, commerce. 'Commerce dominates war' was his famous dictum. Mahan advocated firm co-operation between Britain and the U.S.A., and would certainly have approved Roosevelt's exchange of destroyers for bases. Above all, this shrewd, chivalrous, religious man foretold the whole course of naval warfare in 1914–18, though he did not live to see any of it. A. J.

# Things of Every Day

## SILK STOCKINGS by GEORGE EDINGER

THERE is probably nothing in all the world as fragile, as there is nothing that will stir deeper emotions, as a silk stocking, except a pair of silk stockings.

Unfortunately, there are no longer any silk stockings to be got in England. And the Germans have just stopped the workshops in Lyons from making any in France. There is virtually no silk being woven or spun in Europe at all except by the silk-worms.

Europe's silk industry that is now ending, for the moment at least, began thirteen hundred years ago, when two travellers from China smuggled silk-cocoons and silk-worms out of China (the Chinese kept the secret of making silk, as they kept the secret of making porcelain, as long as they possibly could). The Constantinopolitans, who were the first people to see these silk-worms, were amazed: they had always imagined that silk was somehow got out of leaves. The monks at once became busy, working up the silk, and the industry began.

Stockings there had been before that. They probably started in England to keep the legs warm, and they were made of thin buckskin which came right up to the thigh. Sometimes they were made of wool. But never of silk. We do not know what the stocking was made of from which the Countess of Salisbury dropped the famous garter in 1344, which King Edward III returned to her with the words that have become the motto of the Garter Order ever since,—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* And there is no account of the material in the stocking of that poor nobleman's daughter in Asia Minor into which St. Nicholas of Bari dropped a bag of golden coins to make a dowry which has made hopeful children hang up stockings ever since. Odd if they wore stockings by the Mediterranean in those days! But then the story was probably not invented until the fifteen hundreds, when St. Nicholas had become patron Saint of Russia, a country cold enough for any number of stockings to be worn, and stockings were worn in Russia in 1500!

Stockings of silk were made by the Moors in Spain. And the first wearers of them were men. Men needed stockings and they had to wear them where they could be seen. So the handsomer the better. Henry VIII wore stockings of black silk and gold woven together, and one pair of purple silk and Venice gold. And Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair by Mrs. Montague, her silk woman, in 1559. 'And she asked her whence she had them and if she could help her to any more. Whereupon the good woman replied: "I made them very carefully for your Majesty and seeing these please you so well I will set more in hand." "Do so," said the Queen, "for indeed I like silk stockings so well because they are pleasant, fine and delicate. I will wear no more cloth stockings." And to her death the Queen never wore cloth hose, but only silk stockings.'

With a queen for his example, what could a poor wight like Malvolio do save indulge in stockings, even if they were yellow and cross gartered?

Now Queen Elizabeth's stockings were certainly the first pair of silk stockings ever to be made in England, unless, of course, Mrs. Montague was lying. The ones that Henry VIII wore were imported from Spain, and probably made by Moorish workmen.

About the time that silk stockings were appearing in England stockings generally started to be worn on the Continent of Eufope. These stockings were knitted because knitting had been brought over to France by Scotsmen, who were the first people to find out how to do it. It was a thing they discovered in the fifteenth century. Knitting frames were invented in England at the end of the sixteenth century.

**Fashionable Colours**

The oldest pair of silk stockings in London (it dates from 1702) can be seen on one of the wax effigies in Westminster Abbey. These stockings are green. Green was the favourite colour for women's stockings in the eighteenth century. Men wore them scarlet and plum colour, and in the evening black and white. Never, be it observed, blue. Maybe that was because worsted stockings were usually blue or grey, and the wearer of silk stockings did not want anybody to make a mistake about the fabric that was on his legs. Only the gentlemen who went to parties given at the beginning of the century by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and other ladies who liked to talk about intelligent things like the religion of the Turks, the date of the next eclipse, and the Duchess of Marlborough's temper, instead of playing cards all the evening, wore worsted stockings instead of silk ones. And as these were generally blue or bluish-grey, the parties became known as Blue-stocking parties. Hence, all intelligent women are apt to be called Bluestockings to this day.

But silk stockings generally were worn by men. They set off the well-turned calf to such advantage (and if the calf was not well turned you could always clamp on a false one). They showed themselves so well in a minuet that no girl could resist falling in love with a pair of really handsome silk stockings. Sometimes they even had clocks, for clocks started from the habit of lacing stockings up the side when stockings were still made out of buckskin. Hosiers have always been inclined to the conservative and the conventional.

**Privilege of Majesty**

So in the eighteenth century the silk stocking placed its heel upon Europe, even those parts of it like Magdeburg, where, a hundred years before, the penalty for wearing silk stockings had been death. Only Royalty had been allowed to walk out in them. And that only on a Sunday! But while men wore their silk stockings openly and unashamed, women had to hide them under the petticoat. The women's stockings, being seldom seen, have not been so aptly or fully described. They were quite short, and gartered below the knee.

So to the French Revolution. The Revolutionaries were, of course, more set upon destroying people's heads than their legs. But as the mob of sansculottes were without breeches, as their name suggests, though with trousers, they were also generally without stockings. That fashion soon spread to women too, because under the Directory which followed the revolutionary government Roman fashions were

# FOSTER PORTER & Co., LIMITED.

47, WOOD STREET, LONDON.

coming in again, and the less you wore the better. So the marvellous ladies, who took their fashions from the Empress Josephine, did not wear any silk stockings.

That all changed, of course, when Napoleon brought back the Court and silk stockings and knee breeches. But it was in the eighteen-thirties that silk stockings had their greatest vogue. Queen Victoria wore a pair for her wedding. They were white, with white clocks, and you can still see them in the London Museum.

**When Dickens Laughed**

By day any colour might be worn—except the flesh colour that became so popular after the Great War—but in the evening anything but white was bad form. Dickens laughed at the sort of women who strove to be fashionable in the suburbs, wearing pink silk stockings, just as we might laugh at a man who wears brown boots with evening dress.

It was well that women were wearing silk stockings in gay colours, for since Beau Brummell had set man into trousers men had no occasion to wear silk stockings any longer save in the evening with knee breeches. These never quite died out, and are still worn at Court.

But the rage for silk stockings died away when women realised that their lengthening skirts hid the leg, whatever stocking they were wearing: died away till 1860, when the Empress Eugenie went to Biarritz. Then it burst out again in a furore of gay silk stockings, adorned with crimson clocks for the evening and plaided stockings for the morning and afternoon. And when the crinoline disappeared the silk stocking became more fashionable than ever before.

In the eighteen-seventies there were pink silk stockings, just like the ones at which Dickens had sneered in the eighteen-thirties. These pink silk stockings had rows of black lace all up the instep to the ankle. And there were white silk stockings that had silver sides. In the eighteen-eighties there were silk stockings all elaborately embroidered till the whirl of complicated adornment straightened out again as the century ended with ladies on the Halls kicking their silk stockings high to the tune of *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*, while English visitors to Paris gazed on the kickings of the last Can-Can dancers who, for some reason or other, always seem to have worn stockings made of black silk. And so with the silk-stockinged chorus edging off the stage, we come to the first mutterings of the guns in the last war.

**Salute!**

It destroyed much, but it did not destroy the silk stocking, which returned in many pale hues, sometimes so pale that you never noticed it, as soon as the bells had rung out for Peace. So no doubt we shall see it again before long. For observe that the most civilised ages of Man have been the ages of the silk stocking. It rustled in the white light of the Renaissance as Queen Bess stood up to dance. It crackled around the flambeaux at Bath where Beau Nash called upon all to take their partners. It suffused a shimmer through the drabness of Victorianism, and it gave a glow to the hectic period between the wars.

Salute, then, to the symbol of Man's eternal quest for beauty, of Woman's undying devotion to elegance. Salute the silk stocking till it returns to acknowledge our saluting.

# Utopia Round the Corner

## By ALAN JENKINS

In his Journal, Arnold Bennett tells of an uncle of his whose advice was: 'Make love to every woman you meet, and if you get five per cent on your outlay, it's a good investment.' It is, and should be, the same with Utopias. We in England are free to flirt with each of the world's designs for living, using the sum total of our experience without falling headlong in love with any one of them.

People have been devising Utopias for thousands of years. They are doing it again to-day, a brave gesture in the face of total war. Their value is this: that if five per cent of the ideas in any New World Order are found to be practicable, if five per cent of its readers gain a few permanent thoughts from it, if it succeeds in keeping a spark of idealism and public spirit burning—it has served its purpose.

All Utopias yet devised have their faults. Often they were planned by the wrong sort of people—by bookish philosophers with private incomes who despised women, by economists who knew not human nature, by fanatics lacking humour, by cynics who could not resist using their imaginary world as a vehicle for satire, by escapists who fled from facts. Seldom are these Utopias planned exactly and in detail. Few show an imaginative anticipation of the future. Too many desire a *perfect* world, which would be intolerably boring. Too many provide everything except gaiety. Nearly all Utopians have so far been intellectual snobs, and not one of them has settled down to devise a moderate simple Plain Man's Utopia, unless we except William Cobbett's aim of 'beef and beer for every man'. Only Wells has realised that we can't see Utopia because we happen to be sitting on it. The very word Utopia (from the Greek) means 'nowhere'. We hold that a practical Utopia ought to mean 'somewhere'. *Here*, in fact.

Most Utopias retain something of Plato in them. His *Republic* asks one main question: Can Justice exist? Yes, answers Plato: there is a niche for everyone in the world, and when every man finds his niche, you have Justice. Government should be carried out by a true Aristocracy. This should be neither a *timocracy* (military dictatorship) nor an *oligarchy* (clique of merchants). Worse still is a Democracy which has lost its efficiency, in which power lies in the hands of incompetent people. Worst of all is Tyranny.

Education is the only way to keep your ruling class healthy. There must be physical education, too: Plato's women strip for gymnastics alongside the men, and bear arms like Amazons. The aim of all is 'The Good'. It's a man's world, this funny little Athenian-Spartan city-state of Plato's: he insists on 'the natural inferiority of women and slaves'. He decried the Family, the home and the passions as hindrances to the State. Women should, he thought, be communised. The ideal Individual Man, like the ideal State, should be Wise, Brave and Temperate, since Man's mind is composed of Reason, Spirit and Appetite. This classified men

naturally into Guardians, Auxiliaries and Producers, the three main types you need for running a state efficiently.

Have at you, Plato! Your blend of Spartan toughness and Athenian culture was all right for the little towns of Ancient Greece; but you never looked far into the future, you lacked the necessary Wellsian fantasy, you could not anticipate machines, the revolt of slaves and women. You analysed what already existed, thinking it would remain so for ever. We good-humouredly tweak your beard, and pass on—to Plutarch.

**Plutarch's Nazidom**

Plutarch's *Life of Lycurgus*, mythical king of Sparta, is the first *Mein Kampf* in literature. Here is toughness again; here citizens live only for the State, with (as in Plato) Spartan physical jerks for all. Men carry off their brides by force, and bachelors are branded with infamy. 'Popular government?' sneers Lycurgus. 'Go and try it in your own family first!' Weak children are killed off. The *Fuehrerprinzip* is supreme, and there is even an Inspector of Youth, the Baldur von Schirach of those times.

All that we admire in Lycurgus is that he 'studied and adapted the systems of other lands', always a wise proceeding. Otherwise he is a tedious mixture of swastika and rugger-colours.

Skipping blithely over 1,400 years, we come to our title-rôle, Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*. More hit upon the idea of giving his Utopia a realistic touch by linking it with contemporary explorations. His hero, Raphael Hythloday, sails with Amerigo Vespucci and discovers the isle of Utopia. He satirises the Court, extravagance, the idle rich, the futility of a standing army. Indeed, he condemns almost everything, pleasant or vicious—'dice, cards, football, quoits'. But his diagnoses are shrewd: 'I can have no other notion of all other governments that I see or know, than that they are a conspiracy of the rich, who on pretence of managing the public only pursue their private ends.' Yet revolution is not the right solution: 'who run to create confusions with so desperate a boldness, as those who have nothing to lose?'

On the constructive side, see how many of More's ideas have come to pass. Self-government: 'every city sends three of their wisest Senators to Amaurot (the capital) to consult about their common concerns.' They are chosen by secret ballot. The Government is always 'deliberate rather than sudden' (very English!). High-minded imperialism: the Utopians solve the problem of overpopulation by establishing colonies—peacefully, if possible, but they 'use force if resisted.'

**More's Moral Paradise**

In foreign policy and war, the Utopians, with Gestapo-like efficiency, do what Britain (*vide* Compton Mackenzie) still fails to do adequately: they spend to the limit on Secret Service. They have, too, their Fifth-Columns to 'sow seeds of contention among their enemies, and animate the prince's brother, or some of the nobility, to aspire to the crown.'

More is frankly a rotten economist. He has a lofty, unpractical attitude towards money. Money, he says, is only useful in war. It should, however, be accumulated by interest-free national savings, and 'in great extremities or sudden accidents the Utopians employ it in hiring foreign troops, whom they more willingly expose to danger than their own people.' Otherwise gold is only fit to be made into 'chamber-pots and fetters for slaves.'

What are the amenities of Utopia?

Well, there is something it has taken two World Wars to achieve in Britain —communal feeding: 'it is both ridiculous and foolish for any to give themselves the trouble to make ready an ill dinner at home, when there is a much more plentiful one made ready for them so near at hand.' This has its drawbacks, however: 'both dinner and supper are begun with some lecture of morality'; and the Utopians, though they had no radio on tap nor any eight-orchestra'd Corner Houses, 'never sup without music'.

Life in Utopia is a kind of Christian Communism. Yet there is room for private enterprise: 'it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it.' Nor does More follow Plato's breaking up of family life, though he thinks almost as little of women.

Letchworth and Welwyn Garden City were born in Utopia. More is a pioneer of town-planning. Ribbon-development is discouraged by a law which prohibits building on new ground unless absolutely necessary.

Working conditions are such as have only been attained temporarily under the Five-Year Plan. France and England have in peace time known the eight-hour day, but in Utopia people work three hours before dinner, and three hours after: that is all.

Yours is another world of scholars bent on a quiet life, Sir Thomas; yet many of your ideas have borne fruit, and this fact prevents us from blipping you on the head (A. A. Milne's phrase) in rejection; besides, King Henry's executioner has already done the blipping for us.

Francis Bacon was the first Utopian to take a whole continent for his domain. *New Atlantis* is set in the South Seas, and resembles Australia. Here he is shipwrecked. Atlantis is noted for its un-Baconian incorruptibility: its officials laugh at bribes, which they call being 'twice paid'. This Utopia is still very Platonic and has many echoes of Sir Thomas More; but inventions are the main novelty.

VTOPIAE INSVLAE FIGVRA

'THE ISLAND OF UTOPIA':
Woodcut from first edition, Louvain, 1516

Bacon had a truly Wellsian anticipation of such things as giant agricultural seeds produced in laboratories; furnaces of regulated temperature; new sources of energy and light; microscopes to examine 'shapes and colours of small flies and worms, observations in urine and blood not otherwise to be seen'. Music is Schönbergian—'we have harmony which you have not, and quarter-sounds.' Here are telephones, science museums, iron lungs, air conditioning. 'We have some degrees of flying in the air . . .ships for going under water.'

After Bacon, bathos. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, had his Utopia burnt by Archbishop Whitgift, and rightly, for it is a highly Rabelaisian and satirical piece of destructive Utopianism. *The Other and Same World* even provides maps, in which the Holy Land is marked 'hitherto unknown'. To this Austral continent the good ship Phantasy sets out, visiting en route the Land of Inebriates (Crapulia) with its provinces of Gluttony and Excess, and the adjacent colony of Moronia. The Idle River flows through the country, which is populated largely by pigs (the Rich). Moronia suffers from overpopulation: its inhabitants practise democracy, in which 'all govern and none obey'. Well, my dear Lord Bishop, what *do* you want? You have your knife into everything and your teeth into nothing. A swift hook to the jaw, and we have done with you.

**Butler Blamed Machines**

These satirical Utopias are pretty futile. Jumping three more centuries, we come to Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*. What a laborious jumble of anagrammatic names and unconstructive sneers! Butler hates machines: Erewhon has a museum of broken machines which once caused so much unhappiness in the land. Here illness is immoral, though crime is sympathetically treated, each family employing a 'straightener' to look after their morals. Mr. Nosnibor has his severe fits of embezzlement, and a young man is condemned to death for being consumptive. People go to the Musical Banks to worship money instead of God. 'To be born is a capital crime.' People are educated at Colleges of Unreason, where the Professor of Worldly Wisdom scolds a student for 'want of sufficient vagueness' in his essays.

This is splendid satire, grand entertainment, but it builds nothing. It ushers in Shaw, Aldous Huxley and others. It can be connected with the 'primitive socialists' of nineteenth-century England, Ruskin and Morris (who wrote a purely Marxist Utopia of his own called *News from Nowhere*, which also decried Machines)—the private-income sort of socialists who eventually settled down into solid Fabians. Yet Butler has foresight: he prophesied a war in which machinery would destroy itself. Perhaps that is happening now. 'May not every man become a sort of parasite upon the machines?'

**Good Old Wells!**

It is with reverence that I now approach the greatest Utopian of all, the man who tried hard to co-ordinate science, economics and human nature in one vast design. I am ashamed that my generation does not better appreciate him. In *A Modern Utopia* is enshrined all the essence of his scientific romances.

Now then, you Federal Unionists! Who first postulated a World-State, enlarging the synthesis of states put forward by Comte in 1848? Wells! 'Anglo-Saxonism, Pan-Germanism and the like are such synthetic ideas'; and (O, his prophetic soul!) 'just now, the world is in a sort of delirium about Race . . . the people from whom we get our anthropological information are rarely men of more than average intelligence' (Rosenberg!) Beware, warns H. G., 'those queer German professors who write insanity about Weltpolitik.' Wars will come before the World-State can evolve itself; yet, 'in spite of all the pageantry of modern war, *synthesis* is the trend of the world.' (This was written in 1905.)

*A Modern Utopia* is novel for two main things: it says our Better World must never remain still, and it introduces an ordinary Man in the Suburb who objects to everything, wanting to get back to his girl and his 'dear old doggie'. The future creator of Kipps could be trusted to alleviate his Utopia with a little realistic fiction! Science is not enough: there must be imagination; and H. G., at the risk of self-contradiction, puzzles it out as he goes along.

There must be elementary rights and freedoms, such as personal privacy, and a certain amount of 'leisurely people'. 'The Anglo-Saxon spirit . . . is too individualistic for communism.' 'Money is *not* . . . the root of all evil.'

The governing class is a 'voluntary aristocracy' of some professional or intellectual attainments based on the Japanese Samurai: they may have passed examinations (note that this was before the Civil Service became enterable only by examination), or written a book, or something of the sort. They are the *poietic* people. Other men are divided broadly into Kinetic, Dull and Base. (Compare the grading of A, B, C and D people in *Brave New World.*) The Kinetic are normal energetic people—politicians, administrative civil servants, actors. The Dull have no power in the state; they are (let's be honest) born manual workers. The Base, an ever-diminishing class under good government, are anti-social: either hopeless thugs, or geniuses who devote their powers to evil ends. (The Nazis have learnt how to harness the Base.) The Samurai practise self-control, Roman *temperantia*, and 'tend to become something of an hereditary class'. Some of them live to be over a hundred. They are the only voters.

All 'power and natural products' are centralised and controlled by local government (this was before electrical power stations came to our towns). And so H. G. shoots off into his favourite domain of labour-saving gadgets.

Sex is regulated 'to prevent inferior births'; a wife must be chaste, but chastity (oh, Mr. Wells!) is not so important for men. About divorce, Wells advocates what A. P. Herbert has since partially achieved. 'The unfit' are sterilised; but the Nazi misapplica-

*from 'The Shape of Things to Come'*

TOWN-PLANNING : THE PLACE OF ASSEMBLY IN THE CITY OF THE FUTURE, SEEN FROM A WINDOW.

tion of sterilisation is foreseen: 'the dreadfulness of such proposals lies in the possibility of their execution falling into the hands of hard, dull and cruel administrators.' Unemployment is solved, at first by doles, and eventually by state employment on public work, which 'need not pay any more than the police force pays.' As for crime, it is to be treated more as a disease (this was before the major prison reforms of the twentieth century): 'even for murder Utopia will not, I think, kill.' Utopians will live in huge blocks of flats with communal restaurants . . . Many and reasonable are the full details of this Wellsian world, to be achieved by the Samurai, who are no mere brains-trust. They begin as 'a private aggressive cult' (like the Fabians when Mr. Wells was writing); for 'it is manifest' (H. G.'s favourite word) 'that these things could not have come about by chance and anarchy.'

### Not *Too* Perfect, Please

All Utopians (except the stern economists) insist that there must be a spiritual backing to any new world order. Even in *Lost Horizon's* private paradise there were the principles of moderate virtue and moderate happiness, and a creed of one commandment: 'Be Kind'. But let not Utopianism become a religion in itself: that way lies totalitarianism. Let us occasionally smile at our own fumblings, asking, with Wells, 'What good is all this Rot about Utopia?' And answering, as I have tried to show, on the five per cent basis.

It is a better world we need, not a perfect one. Dr. Johnson showed the drawbacks of a perfect life when he made Rasselas escape from the maddening perfection of Abyssinia (as the Doctor imagined it, not as the Duce left it). 'Give me', sighed Rasselas, 'something to *desire*.' But even he was warned (note that this was written in 1759) against flying, for 'what would be the security of the good if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky?'

### It's Under Our Noses

Utopia is round the corner, though the lights are against us at present. We shall get it whether we want it or not. War clears away many obstacles to social progress, and necessity forces improvements: we got a Ministry of Health from 1914–18, if nothing else. But Utopia will not come suddenly upon us. When we see the beginnings of it, we shall exclaim, 'I have been here before'. For our commonsense Plain Man's Utopia is here in England, and there in the Dominions, and over the Pond in the U.S.A., and along the Vltava in Czechoslovakia, and wherever people in large numbers, rich and poor, desire pretty much the same things from life.

There will be New Deals, not revolutions; and I fancy that men will prefer to call them 'State Capitalism'. It may have its five per cent of fascism in some kind of regimentation of youth. I hope it will have its five per cent of Czech democracy in the form of state education on the Czech model. Control money, create work, use inventions well, and educate—that is all that the best Utopians recommend. Which is the most important? I return to Wells, and cry again, 'Educate!' Not only the helpless illiterate, but some of the ineffectual literate too. You know whom I mean.

(See Cross-Section, page 97, for list of other Utopian books.)

# The New Atlantis

## by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

'How many lumps on your nose?' sweetly asked the lady, sugar tongs in hand, offering a cup of tea to the gentleman whose formidable nose had fascinated her for the last ten minutes. Just as some human beings, some international problems have prominent noses, and of them, which can boast of a more formidable one than that Gibraltar which defaces the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations? It is evident that no good can come from seizing a problem by its nose and shaking it hard. The problem of Anglo-Spanish relations requires a more general and a more courteous approach.

This approach should be attempted neither from the Spanish nor from the British interest, for, despite diplomatic platitudes, Spanish and British interests, narrowly understood in the old 'struggle-for-life' international philosophy, do not dovetail. This approach, in fact, leads straight back to that nose. . . . Our approach can be no other than that of the organic unity of the world in general and of Europe in particular—a unity which none but the mentally blind can fail to see, now that the forces of evil unleashed by this war are demonstrating world unity, and even unwittingly working for it, day in, day out.

Now from this point of view, which is that of the world citizen, our first duty is to set down the fact that this last summer England saved the world. When France collapsed towards the end of June, every one, enemies and friends, thought that England would surrender or negotiate (which, with Hitler, is but delayed surrender) before the end of the year. England stood alone. But she stood. In later centuries, the summer of 1940 will count as one of the turning dates in history, and people will say of the English of 1940 what Mr. Churchill has said of English airmen: There never was so much owed by so many to so few.

This first duty of all world citizens falls hardest of all on the Spaniards. When a man fights, though he do so for a pure cause, he fights with all his being, both pure and impure, even with the criminal instincts which lie hidden in his ancestral blood, repressed by centuries of culture. England, fighting for as noble a cause as ever nation fought in history, must needs fight with all her being, present and past; and she is entitled to call to her aid all the historical memories which may help her to uphold her faith in herself. From no man does this inevitable feature of the situation exact more self-denial than from the Spaniards, who believe—as most informed Spaniards do—that at the end of this world war England will have saved mankind from a new black age.

The problem of Anglo-Spanish relations must, therefore, be solved, bearing in mind that the world cannot afford to have England weakened in any way. And this is a most remarkable result to register at the outset: that, seen from the world unity angle, the interests of England and of Spain harmonise for the first time in history.

But England, even mighty, even heroic, is no longer enough. Without America, she would go under, and the world with her. The problem of the day after the victory is how to build up a system strong enough to withstand any future onslaughts of the German people.

The experience of the past allows no complacency on that score. The German people, despite and perhaps also because of its admirable qualities, is a permanent menace to the peace of the world. Its unique combination of technical ability, gregarious obedience and racial arrogance is a persistent feature with which all world statesmen must count.

The defensive measures against this menace must be of a twofold character: an idealistic advance towards a plane higher than that of power politics and Empire; and a realistic policy aiming at consolidating the West by means of a kind of 'political fortification' in order to ensure for Great Britain the undisputed use of the Atlantic and the permanent and effective alliance of the American and African continents.

### The Key Nation

Now, it so happens that Spain is a key nation in this respect. Spain's three main aspects in world affairs are: her strategic position; her community of culture with Spanish America; and her African sphere.

The Iberian Peninsula occupies the most strategic position in the world. This is particularly true in relation to the British Commonwealth. Those who see the British Commonwealth, not merely as a crude set of dead coloured patches on a world map, but as an organism, with Britain as its heart and brain, the shipping lines as its arteries and veins, the cables as its nerves, realise that Spain is like a foreign body or a tumour right on the air pipe of this organism. The old policy was to weaken the foreign body. Hence the traditional policy of England with regard to Spain. There may be still people in England who think in terms of that policy. It is as dead as mutton. This war should go far towards proving it.

### Gibraltar

This is the time to have a look at that prominent nose. Gibraltar, with a hostile Spain, is a most precarious asset, and a source of as much anxiety as comfort for this country. Had this war caught Spain officially as hostile to England as she is now, but economically as rich and strong as she was in 1931, or even in 1936, the position with regard to Gibraltar, which to-day is but disquieting, would have been little short of disastrous.

A dispassionate and cool study of the problem from the point of view of British interests leads to the conclusion that an allied Spain is far more valuable for this country than the Rock.

I am aware of the fact that some Spaniards claim that Spain does not want Gibraltar. They do so at their own risk. The problem of Gibraltar is not one which we Spaniards define. It is one which defines us. That Spain wants Gibraltar cannot even be discussed. She cannot *be* without wanting it.

The consequences of the retention of Gibraltar by England are far deeper and subtler than a mere political discussion of the question might suggest. It has cut deep into the national faith and undermined Spain's unity. It is one of the factors which have contributed to making Spain a centre of turmoil and disturbance for the whole of Europe. It has stood in the way of a federation

with Portugal, which must be for all concerned an obvious biological development in the history of the Peninsula. It has weakened England, by depriving her of her most natural ally—a federation of all the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula.

### Reciprocity

Nor is this all. For by retaining a piece of territory belonging to another European nation—a relic of the days of imperial strife—England contributes to perpetuating the obsolete era of catch-as-catch-can in international relations and weakens her own moral authority as the leader of the new era of organic unity and of international health.

The solution is obvious. England and Spain must enter into a permanent alliance amounting almost to a federation for external affairs, based on their common service to the world commonwealth. This alliance would give Gibraltar back to Spain but, on a basis of reciprocity, would give England the use, not only of Gibraltar, but of all Spanish ports and islands as well, in case of aggression against the world commonwealth whose head and heart England has shown herself worthy of becoming.

Spain is the Mother Country of Spanish America. Events in Spain have always a deep resonance in Spanish America. A retrograde Spain, a tool to the forces of evil, would open the American Continent to those forces. A glance at the map shows that a solid Anglo-Spanish political union amounting almost to a Federation, at any rate in foreign affairs, would have far-reaching effects on the American Continent. No effort of imagination is needed to realise that it might lead to a strongly-built Atlantic system based on the quadrilateral Great Britain-U.S.A.-South America-Spain (and Portugal). This 'Atlantis' would easily absorb France and most of Africa.

No aggression could prevail against such a citadel, a basis from which the association of free peoples could gradually be extended towards the east.

All that is wanted is that the two great Anglo-Saxon powers should realise that their historical policy towards Spain and South America is obsolete and that it must be recast in moulds more fitting to the new age. Spain and the Spanish-speaking peoples differ in temperament from the Anglo-Saxons (even though much less than childish historical prejudices, assiduously kept up by the narrow-minded and the mentally lazy on both sides, would have us believe). But under such differences, the two sets of peoples, the Iberian and the Anglo-Saxon, are essentially at one in their unshakable individualism. The differences themselves, while not deep enough to prevent a fertile collaboration, are sufficient to create a stimulating 'tension' within the community which they would constitute.

### The New Atlantis

Just as Great Britain owes much of her success in history to the balance of the tensions between the Celtic and Teutonic brands in her midst, so the New Atlantis would acquire a new balance of gifts by the tensions between its Anglo-Saxon and Iberian strains. The Iberian world would gain in political wisdom. It is not for me to tabulate the Anglo-Saxon gains.

Immediate interests are well balanced and therefore should oppose no obstacles to this policy. Anglo-Saxon interests in South America are mostly

of an economic, financial and commercial character; Spanish interests almost exclusively of a moral, cultural and racial character.

### World Wide Benefits

A prosperous and peaceful Spain would soon be over-populated and the surplus of her population would settle in a prosperous and peaceful Spanish America, thereby increasing her prosperity. This would benefit Spain, for her cultural sphere in Spanish America would in the end be strengthened; it would benefit Spanish America because her population would increase with the stock which (with the Italian stock) adapts itself most easily and is best and most quickly absorbed; it would benefit Great Britain and the United States, because, from the political point of view, the Spaniards in South America never form a dissident, anti-national clan as do other European groups, and on the other hand, this European stock would increase the purchasing power of the countries south of Rio Grande to an extent which the frugal natives could never attain. This increase in the purchasing power of South America would accrue to the Anglo-Saxon countries rather than to Spain, for Spain is not an industrialised nation.

It would also benefit the whole 'Atlantis', because immigration is, for Spanish America, a demographic necessity, and if Spain flags in her rôle of provider of man-power for her ancient colonies, the Asiatic stock will fatally fill the gap. This is no reflection on the Asiatic peoples. Far from it. It is only a recognition of the fact that it is better to keep Spanish America Spanish than to turn it into a mongrel land without any roots in any civilisation.

Finally, there remains Africa. The incident of Tangier should suffice to show that the problem is by no means academic. Here again, as long as we remain on the level of power politics, no diplomatic sugar will be enough to coat the bitter pill of direct conflict between the 'interests' of Spain and the 'interests' of England. The map is enough to show that they are irreconcilable. But the solution is possible once England and Spain see each other as limbs of the same European body. Nor would they then be likely to forget, as they both do now, and France with them, the existence of Morocco.

### In a New Framework

In short, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations can be adequately solved only if set within a new framework of world unity. If the two Anglo-Saxon peoples, who are going to win this war, were to be tempted by their victory into a new imperialism; if, forgetting the words, the ideas, and the emotions which they now brandish as their banners and flags, they were to revert to an international jungle knowing no laws but those of Darwin, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations would be but one of the many that would drive Europe towards another and a more terrible war. But if England and the United States come out of this war with a genuine desire for a better world and a clear vision of the road thereto, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations will be one of the easiest with which they will have to deal, and Spain will be enabled to put at the disposal of the new commonwealth her unrivalled strategic position as well as the untold vigour and creative power of her people.

# The Suez Canal

At the Port Said entrance to the bright sun-ridden Suez Canal stands a statue to Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who planned it, but yet had never studied engineering, until he was over 50. The statue is to the Frenchman, but it was an unknown British soldier who really clinched de Lesseps' resolve to go ahead.

His name was Major Rawdon Chesney. De Lesseps had struck one big snag, for French engineers had proved conclusively that the difference in levels between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea was so great that the canal could not be built. But Chesney proved (just as conclusively) that the difference was insignificant: de Lesseps took his advice and the plan was started.

Why does Britain own so much of the Suez? In 1875, a London journalist heard that the Khedive of Egypt—nearly bankrupt—was about to transfer 17,000 out of the 400,000 ordinary shares to a French syndicate. He told Benjamin Disraeli, Britain's premier; the price was £4,000,000. As Parliament was not sitting, it was not a simple matter to take £4,000,000 out of the Treasury without government sanction. Disraeli acted on his own. He sent a message to his friend Baron Lionel Rothschild: 'I want £4,000,000 to-morrow. The British Government will be security.' He got the money.

Now, though the Suez is technically an Egyptian company, it is in practice an ordinary business concern, and the £4,000,000 which Disraeli borrowed in 1875 have so far earned Britain more than £60,000,000 profit. A good rate of interest.

The canal took ten years to make. It is 103 miles long, and shortens the route from London to Bombay by 4,563 miles, from London to Calcutta by 3,667 miles, from London to Melbourne by 645 miles. It has multiplied by ten times the trading of Great Britain with the Far East. It has made fortunes for the ports of Marseilles, Brindisi, and Trieste. It created the export trade of Australia.

It costs more than £1,500 for an average cargo boat to pass through it. A transport carrying 4,000 men would have to pay £9,000. Speeds are limited to five knots (to save the banks), and no two ships are allowed to pass in motion. One must tie up to the bank. Mail boats and tankers have priority—tankers because of the danger from their inflammable cargo.

About 6,000 ships use the canal each year. This war has caused the traffic to drop. The Abyssinian war made it rise—Italy, for instance, paid more than £1,000,000 in dues to transport her soldiers through the canal, while we were deciding whether or not to close it to troops.

Britain's influence may end in 1968 when the Egyptian concession to the Suez Canal Company expires—or is supposed to. Negotiations for a new concession must be started soon. This and the last war show clearly that somehow (how?) our predominant interest in the Suez must never pass away.

NOEL BARBER.

# The Hope of Youth

## by TOM HARRISSON

*The 'Blitz' and calling-up have left young people confused, though by no means apathetic, about the future. Mass-Observation suggests that they 'urgently need some rallying point, some focal interests, some common cause'.*

ONE of the reasons that I personally started to study 'the anthropology of ourselves' was because I had spent some years studying the so-called primitive races in Lapland, Borneo and the Pacific. On an island called Malakula in the Western Pacific I lived for a year among some of the last practising cannibals left in the world. And I particularly studied the elaborate processes of child education and the gradual growth and mental development of young men. Young cannibals have to work their way very gradually up the ladder of life, going through numerous ceremonies, learning about a wide range of subjects, from natural history to astronomy, from agriculture to dancing, from sending wireless messages (on their great log drums) to memorising by heart the hundreds of lengthy stories and legends which trace the history of the tribe back to an apple.

I mention this here, because, in subsequent studies of youth problems in Britain, I have sometimes been forced to make an unfavourable comparison between the amount of trouble a cannibal takes in bringing up his son and the amount of trouble a Cockney spends on the same job. Up to the age of fourteen, development is fairly carefully watched, with the help of State education in this country. But after fourteen, at which age three-quarters of our population leave school, youth is largely allowed to look after itself. This period is critical, since it includes the changes from childhood to manhood. The cannibal knows it, and takes the greatest care of his children in those years. We do not.

Mass-Observation surveys showed that before the war about two-thirds of our young people had no strong social ties or interests of a cultural sort; and no contact with any club or organisation, except Football Pools. The Blitz has closed many clubs, virtually eliminated night schools, and accentuated many of youth's problems.

In the last Census there were 1,157,811 young men between eighteen and twenty in England, Scotland and Wales. Approximately five per cent of the male population belonged to this age group. We can suitably focus our attention on the eighteen–twenty males. They are the young men in their prime. To-day they grow to manhood practically certain of being called up before they are 'of age'. Then, at the time when they would be courting and planning, beginning to think in terms of security, beginning to get a decent wage (but before they are considered old enough to have a vote), they must away into uniform. That is the necessity, loyalty and duty of war. But it is also our duty to think what

it means and to measure its effect in terms of the future. For these young men *are* the future.

One of the first and most obvious effects of war on youth is the urge to marry quickly and to get some personal family happiness while one can. Both marriage-rate and birth-rate are being strikingly accelerated; even in the first of the Registrar-General's quarterly returns after the beginning of the war, the marriage-rate had reached a record level at 29.3 per 1,000.

### Love Looked In

Another factor which pushes people towards hurried marriages, or at least away from the balance of parental influences, is the way in which the Blitz has forced city families to see rather too much of each other, at close quarters, night after night in the downstairs room or the Anderson shelter. Moreover, loving parents are naturally afraid to let their children go out at night; this also has its irritating effect on the young.

Two comments on this important theme:

1. *The only vital difference air-raids have made to my life is that they have tied me to a walking distance radius of my house. My parents refuse to let me go outside walking distance from home (a) because they think the danger from air-raids is greater in London, and (b) because they are afraid that transport might break down and I might be stranded miles away from home or friends.*

2. *I am shut into the home, and forced to spend my evenings with my own family, which does not suit me at all. I begin to feel more strongly than ever before how little sympathy I have with my parents.*

No wonder our evidence shows an increase in quarrels between parents and children, and one of the effects of these (and other) tensions is to make young people unusually restless and dissatisfied. We recently made a study of the political attitudes of young men, eighteen–twenty, in a London area: 38 per cent disapproved of the present Government—a much higher degree of dissatisfaction than among adults; 46 per cent expected the war to last less than a year. Compare this with the general figure for the adults in the same area in a recent survey, where only 13 per cent expected it to last less than a year. That is to say, a large number of those who will be called up if the war lasts the officially-scheduled period refuse to face the probabilities and wishfully think there will be peace before it is their turn.

### More Grim than Gay

The same feeling is shown in other ways. For instance, only about one youth in eight has made any plans for the next twelve months. The great majority, even if they are only eighteen, say that they have no plans at all. Two years ago such answers would have been noticeable; to-day they are commonplace. This is the common feeling:

*I hope the war ends before I'm called up. If it doesn't, it's not much good making plans.*

*What's the good of me making plans. I'm going in the Army.*

Such reactions are an inevitable part of war. But it does seem possible to give a little more encouragement, enthusiasm and idealism to the young. It would enormously help if, for instance, the Services would recognise that they might get better and keener fighters if they didn't make the young men feel like cyphers waiting their turn to go through the tabulating machine. Just half of the youths studied

by us made remarks like this about the post-war world:

*After the war I shall try and carry on as if there hadn't been a war.*

*With luck, I'll be able to do what I'm doing now.*

*I don't suppose I'll be alive, but if I am I'll be a forgotten hero or something like that.*

*I don't know. They don't give you much chance when you come out of the Army.*

**Irritating Platitudes**

Very rare (November) were young men with positive plans, and rarer still those who showed any interest in what happened to people other than themselves. One can admire, however, the grim humour of peace aims, these (from those aged such as seventeen):

*I'd like to go into retirement.*

*I'll have a good old beanfeast and get indigestion.*

*I'd like to catch up on all the pints I've missed since raids started.*

After spending several days going through this sort of material, it made me smile to read a recent speech by Sir Douglas Hacking, Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation. 'It was even more important to have young people of real ability in wartime than it was in peace. When peace came they would all have to play a very prominent part in the rebuilding of Britain.' Such platitudes are hollow unless the young are educated and encouraged to think and plan for the future, however vague.

Let it be perfectly clear, at this stage, that I am not suggesting there is anything wrong with the morale or courage of youth. On the contrary, our files bulge with evidence to show that the toughest reactions to the Blitz come from the young, and especially from the eighteen–twenties of both sexes. The following conversation between a young man and woman, both eighteen, gives a fair example, both of the interests of youth and of its toughness:

GIRL: *I got recordings of Tommy Dorsey. I feel like him every night after my blasted homework.*

BOY: *Doesn't homework make you bad tempered?*

GIRL: *Like nothing else it does. It's the only thing that really does make me irritable.*

BOY: *Doesn't the war?*

GIRL: *The war! Of course not. That doesn't make any difference. Except in the middle of the night when the bed starts jumping up and down to the accompaniment of loud explosions.*

BOY: *Do you sleep up or downstairs?*

GIRL: *Up. If you sleep downstairs the bottom part of the home will be blown away, and if you sleep upstairs the top part will go. The bottom part will be most useful, so therefore we sleep upstairs.*

There is no lack of guts in youth. But guts need the direction and leadership of older people. While it is no doubt necessary for the war-effort that young people should be employed for longer hours, and that regulations affecting their employment should be modified, some of the consequences are not very good.

**Boys' Clubs Carry On**

Our own studies indicate that many young people are suffering strain from working long hours. We have also made a study of the way in which youth uses the various recreational outlets still open in London. We find that the largest group had lost interest in several or all of their previous hobbies. The London Secretary of the Boys' Brigade (founded in the belief that 'Religion and Discipline are the primary needs of Youth to-day') summed up

the London situation in an interview with one of the investigators:

*Brigade activities are not very much curtailed. They're not like clubs. Many companies are restricted to the week-ends, or whenever they can fit it in. Those fortunate enough to have clubs are keeping them open. They generally can't continue their evening activities unless their premises are adapted. My own club is in Bermondsey, and there have been bombs all round. We're carrying on every night, although the windows are broken.*

*We in London suggested to all* 350 *companies that an essential of the present time is to get in a uniform parade to counteract this sloppy* shelteritis *in districts where they come back from work, have a meal and go to the shelter. We have a real muck-up once a week. We have a Bible class in uniform and a meal afterwards.*

This and other organisations are doing a fine work; but they can only scratch the surface of the vast youth problems. And the Blitz has inevitably weakened clubs and societies. The Board of Education has encouraged local authorities to provide recreation for youth, remembering the lessons of 1916. But a job of this sort needs a special organisation and staff to tackle it.

**Our First 'Shelter Club'**

In many areas the officially encouraged scheme, which deals especially with the recreation activities of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen, has had no visible effect at all so far. Sometimes local authorities have shown real imagination; the Clarendon Youth Centre in Paddington is a fine result. As the organiser, Miss Dawes, put it, 'When we opened (in April) we had no idea what would happen. We expected twenty and got a hundred and fifty. The second night it was two hundred, the third two-fifty.' This club, important in several ways, has now shown further imagination by getting the Borough Council to let it take over a shelter for itself. It is probably the first 'shelter youth club' in the country. Thousands of such clubs are needed.

**Youth Will Blame Age**

I have underlined the frustrated side of the youth picture. It is fair to do this, because it is a dominant feeling of youth at the moment. War necessarily contains very many frustrations. But an objective study of the situation suggests that a great deal more could be done to soften them for youth. The R.A.F. have shown what young men can do with their bodies and guts. But those will not be the qualifications for dealing with post-war problems. That will be the day of the mind and the practical ideal. As a man of twenty, in a reserved occupation put it:

*Well, I've been racking my brains for something special to do that I am capable of* (*after the war*). *The trouble is* I only know how to make aeroplanes.

There is always the possibility that after the war Youth will blame Age for the whole business. There are already signs of a growing antagonism of this sort. It would pay the old to think about the young and do something much more definite than 'encouraging local authorities' to do something. But the responsibility lies squarely on the shoulders of youth too. We urgently need some rallying point, some focal interests, some common cause. This war is still being run overwhelmingly by the old. It would be sad if, out of all our blood, sweat and tears, there emerged merely a white-haired figure, a Petain or Lloyd George, to 'rejuvenate' us.

By B. J. EVANS

War has put sport in its proper place in the British scheme of things. As a nation we had tended to make a minor god of it. Where will it stand in our national life after the Peace?

As we consider this important problem we must bear in mind that sport should cleanse, not corrupt.

Pétain has already tackled the subject by appointing Jean Borotra controller of all sport in France. The plan of the former Wimbledon favourite is to abolish professionalism after three years.

Borotra, as an exponent of lawn tennis, the game in which shamateurism flourishes, should be able to hold the scales between the paid and the unpaid. But I doubt whether the game in which he shone, which is based on the avoidance of physical contact, produces a breed of red-blooded men whose future we are now considering.

In Great Britain, conscription in the form introduced last year will assuredly be maintained, so every male of twenty will have to serve at least six months in one of the Fighting Forces. This may interfere with the former ease of our youth, but it need not prevent any of them from adopting sport as a profession.

This large army of conscripts, like the army of the present moment, will need physical training instructors. I should make it a condition for every youth who wishes to become a professional athlete that he undergoes a special course of physical training, so that it is from his class that the instructors are drawn. As from an industrial standpoint the professional sportsman enjoys a life of semi-idleness, it is only right that he should make this contribution to society.

This would have the desirable result of erasing the snobbish dividing line between amateurs and professionals as we know them in sport to-day and be one milestone on the road to that perfect democracy for which we are fighting.

Some kind of Government supervision would thus be called for. God forbid that the red tape of the Civil Service should wind itself round British sport, but a Ministry of Sport will certainly be desirable.

It would be the duty of this Ministry to docket every man earning his living from sport and ensure that he goes through the physical training machine and is thenceforth available at a moment's notice to serve again in the capacity of instructor in the event of a fresh national emergency.

Any man unable to absorb the education necessary for this job should not be allowed to become a professional athlete in civil life. Relegate him to manual labour.

Many British sports in which gate-money has introduced financial interests—racing, Association football and cricket, for example—are so well governed that the Minister of Sport would have no trouble with them. Some others, notably professional boxing, require a complete revision of control.

Boxing could be converted from a racket into the great sport it was intended by nature to be if it were made collateral with the physical training scheme. Each Service gymnasium would then become a kind of national nursery where our fistic talent could be nursed and developed, and the vampires who now fatten on it would be eliminated.

From close experience I have noted the amazing improvement in the health and physique of those of our young men who went through the national service mill at the age of twenty and have been in the army for a year. I can quote several examples of weedy larrikins who now glow with health, having added fully a stone to their weight and a couple of inches to their stature.

Why shouldn't some of these, if they have special aptitude, take up sport for their livings later on? It must not be forgotten that the skilful 'pro' sets a good example to his admirers as well as providing them with entertainment. Let us ensure that they are good citizens.

# Tally-Ho!

## by WENTWORTH DAY

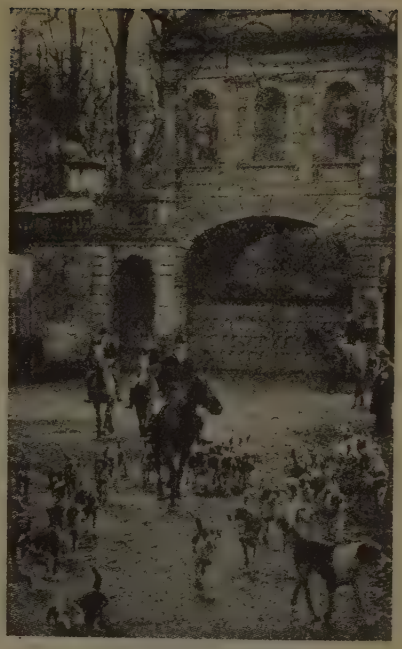
*It is in the national interest, he says, that fox-hunting should survive the war, but to do so it must economise and cut out snobbery.*

THE future of fox-hunting is at stake. But so are the future of the British Empire and our conception of civilisation. The fate of hunting may, therefore, not seem of paramount importance. Nor is it. But since quite a formidable number of those who have helped to make this Empire have been fox-hunters, and since it is a native and integral part of our English-speaking order of life, it deserves some measured thought at this test point of its existence.

Will it survive? If so, why? We know that the British Empire will survive. So will our English-speaking civilisation. Both will emerge from this war and very much on top because (*a*) our peoples are united, (*b*) our principles and our people girdle the earth.

It is already patent that out of much travail and labour there must emerge a more unified Empire, a more democratic Britain, a fairer distribution of wealth and amenities and a firm resolve never to allow the recurrence of such a smash-and-grab burglary of the world's peace.

For much the same reasons fox-hunting will emerge from its present crisis a more democratic, popular, cheaper and therefore stronger sport. Its present forced economies are a just retribution for past extravagancies. Its temporary humiliation is a sardonic reward for the intolerances and snobbisms of some of its followers.



A MEET AT OLD TEMPLE BAR

I am no enemy of hunting. On the contrary, I regard it as the grandest sport on earth. I hunt whenever I can afford it. I have seen half the packs of England. The literature of horse and hound fills nearly two hundred volumes in my library. When I die, may I break my neck out hunting rather than expire on a sick bed! But I am not blind to the fact that there *are* enemies.

The new rich, with a Rolls and a

pink coat, who hunts, not because he likes and understands it but because it is one more rung in the snobs' ladder; the hard faced woman with a hacksaw voice and a gimlet eye; the thruster who rides over spring wheat; the man who looks at the farmer as though he was one of his own clods; the gentleman from London who hunts locally and buys, lives, employs, spends and entertains elsewhere; these are the enemies of hunting.

They forget that hunting has no legal status. They ignore the fact that the farmer can sue them for trespass, wilful damage and bad language. Perhaps they do not know even that they hunt by his courtesy and that of the landowner, whether the landowner owns five acres or five thousand.

Luckily there are not many of these gallop-and-jump pests of fox-hunting. But every hunt has its share of them.

The real enemy of hunting has been, not the shrill squeaks of Bloomsbury writers or the propaganda of those aggressively 'anti' societies who depend upon the financial whims of old ladies to keep them alive, but the snobbery of money.

**Too Expensive**

Just as forty years ago over-preservation of game injured the sport of shooting, so in this last twenty years the over-preservation of foxes and—more important—the over-spending of money have done a great mischief to fox-hunting.

There are in this country 364 packs of foxhounds, harriers and beagles. They spend roughly £12,000,000 a year. They and their followers employ about 40,000 men. They keep in circulation about 60,000 hunters. Because it exports its horses abroad, the hunter-breeding industry is a national asset. We also export foxhounds now and then. For there are 122 packs of hounds in the United States and 33 in the Dominions and Colonies. So that even if hunting dies in this country—which it will not—it would still flourish in other countries of the English-speaking world. That is because it has become a part of the British way of life—as much a part as golf, cricket, bridge, tea-drinking or ski-ing.

**The Pageant Continues**

To-day nine-tenths of our packs are still hunting. They do not advertise their meets. But word goes round by rural tom-tom and soldiers, squires, farmers, doctors, lawyers, ladies, butchers, labourers, dealers and damsels all turn up—some to hunt and some to watch. Foxes must be killed. Hounds must be kept alive. Horses must be exercised. Above all the rural scene likes its pageant.

But these war-time packs are, in most cases, at half their normal strength. Some which used to hunt six days a week now hunt only on one or two. Hounds have been destroyed. Hunters have been shot. Members of hunts are at the war. Only the very old and the young carry on: inheritors of tradition, standard bearers of the future.

Just after the last war the Secretary of a famous hunt in the Shires told me that he could not carry on. In 1910 the hunt had cost £5,400 a year. In 1914 the cost was just over £6,000. In 1920 it rose to £8,200; in 1923, to £9,600; in 1926 to £13,200.

'It's the very rich followers who are to blame,' he complained. 'They want six days a week and all the expenses that go with it. And most of them pay

the same subscription we paid in 1910. But I daren't turn them down. Perhaps one of them will save us. That's our only hope.'

One of them did. That famous pack lived on his charity for ten years. Then another rich man, eager for the magic affix of 'M.F.H.', took over the purse strings and called the tune.

This state of affairs must cease. It is bad. Instead of being the healthy child of the soil, hunting is reduced to the level of a kept woman. And kept women live expensively but precariously.

Hunting, if it is to endure, must cut its expenses, cut its subscriptions, cut its ostentations, open its heart to all who can scrape up the pence for a day's sport and get down to those honest provincial values which made it.

Thirty years ago a meet of hounds was the club of the countryside. The local pack was the local meeting place of all, high and low. Lord and labourer met on common ground, especially when the labourer fished his lordship out of the bottom of the brook! The day's run was the talk of the evening in hall and inn and farmhouse and at the village pump.

### The Cheaper the Better

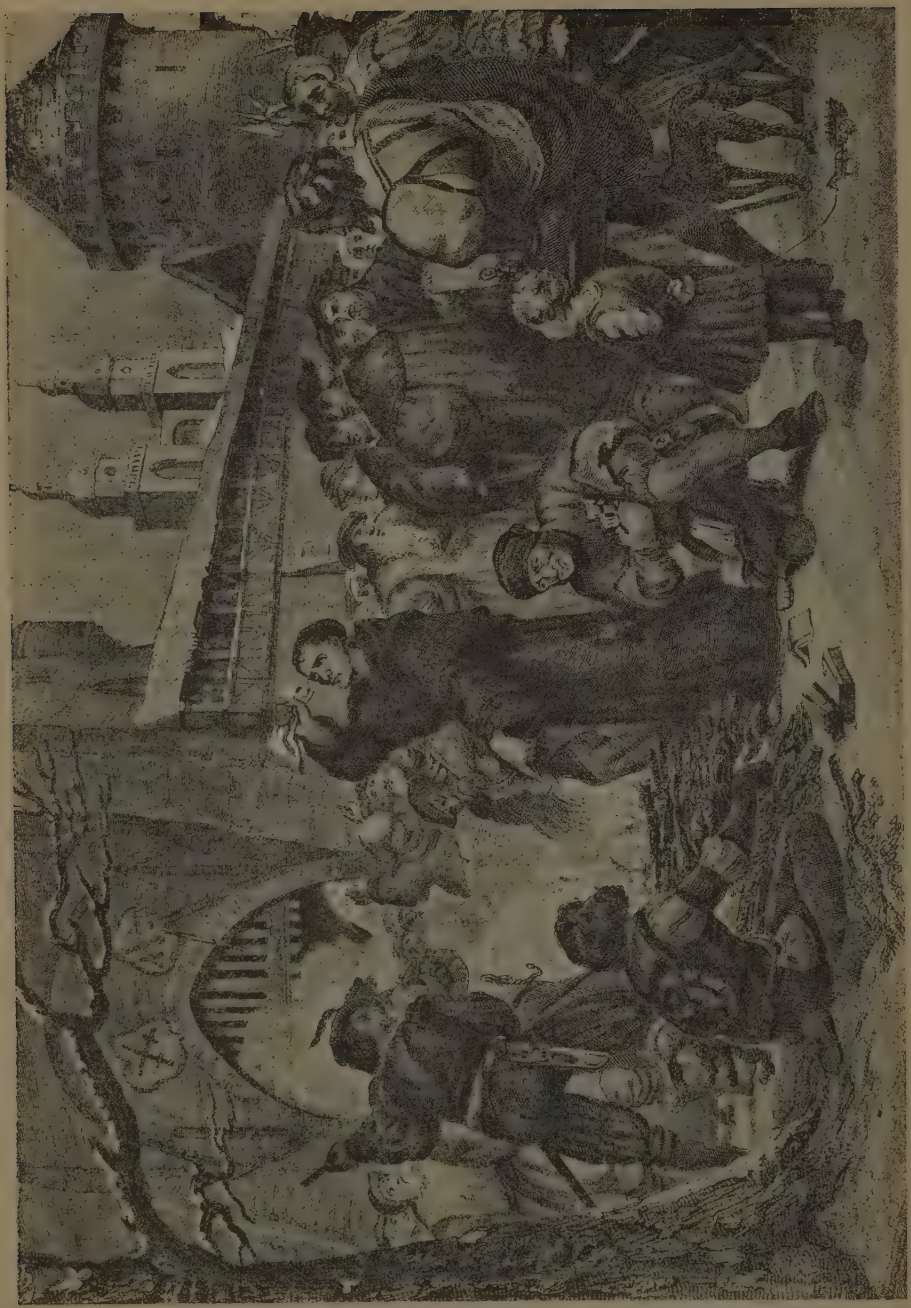
The coming of the townsman-follower altered that. It gave the local hunt a foreign flavour. It robbed its doings of local significance. The villager and farmer felt they had suddenly taken a side-seat at a circus which was no longer part of their parish life.

This enlargement must be encouraged. The more townsmen hunt the less town-prejudice there will be against hunting. The cheaper it is made the better. Just before the war it was estimated that more people were riding than ever before. Typists, sales-girls, clerks, mannequins, tradesmen—all had taken to the Saturday and Sunday saddle as an antidote to car-crowded roads and petrol-soaked air. That was a splendid thing. The horse, even though he was a livery hack, had come into his own again. And thousands of work-girls and black-coated young men were ten times healthier than they had ever been, ten times more conversant with the beauty of English lanes and commons.

### Cut out the Snobbery

Let them hunt in future. Farmers hunt free already. That is only fair. We ride over their land. But let the town worker have his or her share. Cut the expenses by cutting down the foxes—which means cutting down the poultry claims—and then the subscriptions can be cut. Ireland saved its hunting in the trouble, when 80 per cent of the big houses were burned down, by cutting its hunt subscription. And to-day Irish hunting flourishes.

Let us forget the snobbery of a pink coat and get down to the free-for-all fun of ratcatcher. It will be the salvation of hunting in the long run. Hunting cultivates courage, decision, discipline, hardihood, cheerfulness and comradeship—the enemies of class-distrust and the sheet anchors of a strong nation. We shall need all those qualities in the lean years and tight belts which lie ahead.



A BOOK OF TO-DAY

# Europe's Enfant Terrible

## by A. L. ROWSE

*The German people, said Hegel, have the right to impose their domination by force and fraud. What is it they have to impose, and from what sources springs their megalomania? The clues are to be found in Professor Edmond Vermeil's 'L'Allemagne', published by Gallimard, just before the collapse of France.*

JUST before the collapse of France, one of the greatest authorities in France on the German Mind—Professor Edmond Vermeil of the Sorbonne—published an admirable book on this most important of subjects for us all. Naturally in the events that followed, his book was overlooked here, and is now overlaid by the black-out that has descended upon France's intellectual life.

Two years ago Professor Vermeil wrote what is far and away the best account anywhere of the whirlpool of political discussion and imagining—for you can hardly call it thought—into which Germany has plunged in the past twenty years: *Doctrinaires de la Révolution allemande* (1918–1938). Now he has followed it up with a magnificent study, *Germany: an Essay in Explanation.* It certainly needs a good deal of explanation; and it gets it, more fully and with greater knowledge and penetration than anywhere else I know.

I don't think that we have had any similar attempt in English to understand the meaning of German history, what it implies for Europe, to what it has led the German people, the kind of character and mentality their past history has produced in them, the problem of their place in Europe—for, in short, Germany is the problem of Europe. This book should certainly be translated; in the absence of a translation I will do my best to give some idea of what it says, even if I fail to do justice to its excellence.

Vermeil shows, as the result of his study of the evolution of the German people, where their restless desire, amounting to a lust, to impose their domination over the rest of Europe springs from. To achieve European hegemony is, indeed, in the obvious logic of their modern history; but he traces its springs back, paradoxically but convincingly, to the failure of the Germans to achieve a normal statehood, such as Western Europe, England, France, Spain, attained as early as the fifteenth century.

Germany remained right up till the nineteenth a mosaic of small states and princedoms, without real unity, without the effective institutions or the national consciousness of a modern state. That has had all sorts of consequences for their political life. It threw them back upon the dream of universal

←*Luther burns the Papal Bull at Wittenberg, 10th December, 1520.*

domination, both material and spiritual, which has haunted their inner mind all through the ages.

Everybody knows how the dreams of a revived Holy Roman Empire of the German People float in the megalomaniac minds of Hitler, Rosenberg and their following; and how this year they have had a temporary quasi-realisation in the subjugation of France, with Italy subordinate, as in the Middle Ages. But like the dream it is, it will not last long. The real lesson of European history is quite different: *it is that no one power is strong enough to hold all the rest in subjection*, and that therefore we can only build a United States of Europe upon the basis of co-operation with each other. What is interesting is the light that such a dream, and the tenacity with which it is pursued, throws upon the inner nature of Germany. Also very important to understand if we are to deal successfully with her in the future—not idiotically as in the past twenty years—and see her put in her proper place in the European frame.

### Love-Hate

All through her history Germany has displayed a strong undercurrent of resentment, resistance, jealousy, *schadenfreude* against the West. Perhaps it may be due to what Freud calls a love-hate complex; but the consequences are very uncomfortable for us all, and it must be put an end to once and for all this time. In her early history Germany resented her conquest by Christianity, and killed St. Boniface, the great Englishman who brought her into the fold. Later she resisted and resented the spirit of Rome, the spirit of international order and universalism. In modern times she has hated and fought French rationalism, English liberalism and humanitarianism. These three forces, Roman, French, English, have been the great civilising influences of the modern world.

In spite of herself, Germany has undergone their influence in part, and created great things out of them in consequence—the philosophies of Leibniz and Kant, the art of Bach and Goethe and Beethoven, German science. On the other hand, the reaction has been tremendous, and in modern times seems to have been getting ever stronger.

### From Luther to Hitler

As against the West, through which European civilisation came to them, they have made titanic efforts to build up their own alternative, and not content with that, to make it prevail. Their first great effort in this direction on the stage of world-history was with Luther's revolt against Rome, his destruction of Catholic unity, a movement so comparable to the Nazis and Hitler's destruction of our international order. Vermeil points out how what was involved in the conflict between Erasmus and Luther was the spirit of universal Christianity, in Erasmus's interpretation moderate, tolerant, reasonable, against Luther's national religion, irrational, fervid, egoistic, insisting upon blind faith and obedience. How well we recognise the symptoms and the choice; and what a mistake the English nineteenth century made to crack up a hooligan of genius such as Luther was!

Keyserling has pointed out—it is very revealing—that the characteristic of the West is the belief in Man, in the ultimate value of human personality and the desirability of extending his control over his own destiny through his reason. As against this, the German alternative, as it has unfolded itself, is

to follow the promptings of dynamic and aggressive nature, the blind faith of either personal mysticism or collective delusion, the insistence upon the Will as against Reason.

'We want so to educate the citizens of the State', said the philosopher Fichte, 'that they shall be incapable of willing anything other than the State wills them to will'. There is the whole Nazi philosophy of education in a nutshell 150 years ago.

### The German Nightmare

This over-emphasis upon the Will in German thought has been wonderfully brought out by Santayana in his *Egotism and German Philosophy*. He too shows, like Vermeil, that a fundamental characteristic of the German mind is an inexact sense of reality. They see the world in the light of their own dream, their own egoism, their own nightmare, one might say, and then by the most terrific efforts of the will impose that nightmare upon the world. It is terrible to think that even though they assuredly will not win, the Germans have for a time imposed their nightmare upon us all and reduced the world to their dream of it.

Vermeil goes on to show how all this has worked out in later German history. Their belated unification, and the immense successes they had in the nineteenth century, quite turned their heads. It is ironical to think that the nation that has come nearest to achieving European hegemony is that one of the great powers least fitted to exercise it. Far better Louis XIV, or Napoleon, or Philip II: they were at least civilised. The total result of this frantic pursuit of power, of this double quick reaching out by an immensely strong but completely immature people for universal power, is to be seen in the modern degeneration of Germany and German standards, politically, socially, æsthetically, spiritually.

Bismarck's achievement of German unity, and German ascendancy in Europe, was a great piece of work, and he had the moderation of an aristocrat and a cynic, which enabled him to maintain it with success for a time. But at heart there was a void: the Bismarckian Empire stood for no fruitful, liberating idea such as, say, the French or American Revolutions did, or the October Revolution in our own time. At heart there was just nothing: but force, political mechanics, cynicism, intrigue, treachery, blackmail. No wonder contemporary Europe was alarmed by the apparition of the new power on the European stage. And with the great man who worked the machine gone, its final nullity was revealed in all the horror of the Wilhelmian era.

### Neurotics in High Places

Under William II vulgarity reigned, conceit, self-assertion, aggressiveness, flattery: the picture of that court revealed in Bülow's Memoirs, the falsity, the Byzantinism, the treachery —what a commentary they are on German public life! To think that a great country—the keystone of Europe —should have been ruled by a lot of neurotics and megalomaniacs, like William and Bülow, and the pathological Holstein. As Vermeil says, it was utter bankruptcy, political, moral, æsthetic, spiritual. The nemesis of it all was the war of 1914–1918.

But the situation has only gone from bad to worse with the Nazis. Germany was not then, at any rate, ruled by criminals. The nation-wide propagation of a pernicious and false Racialism, in place of Education, had only begun, under William II, to reach what

heights with the Nazis we well know. The point is that the Nazis are the inheritors of this immensely powerful tradition inside Germany: hence their strength and success: they represent what so many Germans believe, and others like, if they do not believe. As Vermeil says, *Nazi doctrine is the degeneration and vulgarisation of the intellectual tradition of Germany.*

We do not need to go again here into his clear demonstration of Nazism as the creation and instrument of the German ruling cliques, particularly the militarist circles from which it sprang and with which it never lost contact. Hitler was just their missionary to the people, his movement their necessary liaison with the masses, with all the cynical and hideous preachings of anti-semitism, anti-communism, anti-free-masonry, a bogus anti-capitalism even, to seduce them.

**Instinctive Destruction**

Germany, he says, has destroyed the European order, not for a concrete plan but simply from instinctive impulse. The Germans refuse to see that in the British Empire there is a 'real model of an empire, material and spiritual, which knows how to leave to humanity its liberty': a very remarkable tribute coming, as it does, from a Frenchman, of all the more value since it comes from outside, though it should be obvious enough that it represents no more than the truth. As against that, what have the Germans to offer? Nothing but the cult of aggression, force for its own sake, devoid of all scruple or moral value, an ultimate cynicism which will prove as exhausting to the German people as it is disgusting to all who watch its course.

The German people, said Hegel, have the right to impose their domination by *force* and *fraud*. 'We are a people', wrote Moeller van den Bruck, the elect thinker of the Nazis, 'who are destined never to leave others in repose'. Either world-domination or total downfall. *Weltmacht oder Niedergang* is the terrible dilemma which the Nazis have brought the German people up against.

**Never Again!**

Vermeil ends his book with a most valuable psychological analysis. One of their well-known characteristics is their inability to recognise any responsibility for their acts. John Dove, when he travelled in Germany after the last war, noted that he never saw any sign of regret for the tragedy into which they had plunged themselves and Europe. It must be brought home to them properly next time.

Vermeil remarks that it will not be enough to deal merely with the Nazis: what is necessary is the eradication of all the nuclei of the Prusssian military tradition, from the army, political and social life, intellectually and in the education of the people. That must be taken literally: it needs to be rooted out. The roots and ganglia of the dominant German outlook are so deep and widespread that Europe will have its work cut out, merely on the intellectual side, after the war is over. We cannot allow the Germans to make a European war every twenty-five years to prove that the last one was wrongly decided against them. It is our rôle to organise the whole of Europe to see that it is done properly, for that is the absolute *sine qua non* of European peace and of an effective working international order.

THE HAMILTON HOMESTEAD

# The Federalist

reviewed by PATRICK RANSOME

*Federalism is in the air, and although this book was first produced in 1787 and dealt with the federation problem in America it can be studied with profit by all good Europeans in 1941.*

*The Federalist* is one of those books that everyone has heard of but few have read. Whenever the subject of Federation crops up—and how frequently that happens nowadays!—it is certain that polite references will be made to this famous work. It would be an interesting, if somewhat anti-social activity, to ask the authors of these almost automatic acknowledgments, in a spirit of gentle enquiry, 'Have you read it?' I am afraid that only very seldom would the answer be 'Yes'.

I say 'afraid' because *The Federalist* is undoubtedly one of the few works that have permanent value for the student of political institutions. It is written by statesmen and concerned with immediate political realities, not a monograph by a professor justifying or expounding an abstract political theory. It is frankly propaganda—it is also the first, and still the most important treatise on Federal Government.

*The Federalist* was written to advocate a particular solution to a particular problem, and it is, as it were, incidentally that the general principles of Federalism are laid down. It is accordingly of the first importance that we should know something of the actual problem with which its authors had to deal.

In 1777, one year after the Declaration of Independence, the thirteen independent States of North America signed 'The Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union'. It was this Confederation that concluded the war and signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain, and it was this Confederation that for four more years controlled the destinies of the American peoples. But when the immediate peril of war was ended, and when the absolute necessity of common action became less apparent, the defects in the constitution grew steadily more obvious. The sense of national union became progressively weaker; each state pursued its own selfish policies to the neglect of the interest of the Confederation as a whole, and the Confederate Government seemed powerless to avert the impending disaster.

*'The measures of the Union have not been executed; the delinquencies of the States have, step by step, matured themselves to an extreme, which has, at length, arrested all the wheels of the national government, and brought them to an awful stand . . . Each*

*State, yielding to the persuasive voice of immediate interest or convenience, has successively withdrawn its support, till the frail and tottering edifice seems ready to fall upon our heads and to crush us beneath its ruins.'*

Such was the judgment of the authors of *The Federalist*.

Economic chaos, national bankruptcy and the prospect of civil war at last convinced the States that some immediate action was necessary. Accordingly in May, 1787, delegates from the various States met at Philadelphia to revise, supplement and strengthen the Articles of Confederation. A struggle at once broke out between those delegates who wanted to carry out their instructions and to amend the existing constitution with a minimum of interference with State rights, and those who were prepared to draft a new constitution and whose chief concern was to provide a strong Federal government, with an effective executive, legislature and judiciary. The issue was for long in doubt, but in the end the Federalists prevailed, though not without being forced to make considerable concessions.

### Fundamental Principles

Among the leaders of this group were Alexander Hamilton and James Madison, and though the former in particular had no special love for the draft Constitution, they both accepted it as the best that could be obtained and threw themselves vigorously into the task of getting it ratified by the various States. Hamilton and Madison were both delegates from the State of New York, and with the co-operation of John Jay they wrote a series of letters which appeared, three of four times a week, in various New York newspapers. These letters, explaining the provisions of the Constitution, defending them against criticism, and laying down, with brilliant clarity and insight, the fundamental principles of Federal Government, were eventually published in book form under the title of *The Federalist*. Only four of the eighty-five letters were by Jay; the rest were written by Hamilton and Madison either singly or in co-operation. But there is little doubt that to Hamilton must be given the chief credit for the production of this remarkable work.

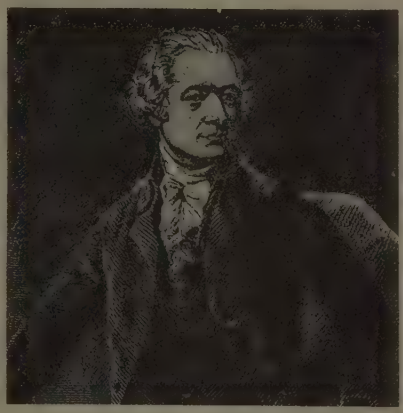
### Leagues Are Not Enough

*The Federalist*, then, is a collection of political pamphlets written to explain and justify the recommendations of the Philadelphia Convention and to persuade the State of New York to accept a Constitution for a United States of America. But it is of far more than merely local or historic interest, for it contains some of the wisest words ever written on the principles which should guide statesmen whenever or wherever they are confronted with the task of devising a new system of international order.

One of the most brilliant passages in the whole book occurs in Essay XV, where the authors establish the distinction between a Federal and a League system. They show that the former operates on peoples, the latter on governments, and that the former enforces its commands through the agency of the Courts, the latter in the last resort only by the power of the sword. Equally instructive are the passages in which a General Power of Taxation is defended against proposals to entrust the Federal Government with the right to impose certain specific taxes only. The Constitutional compromise which balances the principle of state rights and the sovereignty of the people by creating a Senate to embody the one

and a Chamber to represent the other is also defended by arguments which even to-day would have to be seriously considered by the draftsmen of a new Federal Constitution.

But it is impossible in a short article to summarise the contents of this closely packed and closely reasoned book. It should be read not merely by the specialist in Federal Government, but by anyone who is interested in the problem of the post-war reconstruction of Europe.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

Almost every speech and article on this subject contains a reference to the argument that European anarchy can only be overcome by some application of the principle of Federalism. To some this appears as a Utopian delusion, to others as the only alternative to war once in a generation. The interesting point is that this idea, which is no new revelation vouchsafed for the first time to Mr. Clarence Streit, but which has haunted the minds of political philosophers for hundreds of years, has suddenly become an issue of practical politics. Yesterday came the offer of Anglo-French Union, to-day we are informed of a far-reaching agreement between Poland and Czechoslovakia, and it is almost everywhere agreed that for Central Europe and the Balkans at least some form of Federation can alone put an end to the disastrous absurdities of political and economic anarchism.

But such limited regional arrangements would not in themselves be sufficient to secure peace and prosperity in Europe. This can only be achieved when the problem of Germany is solved and when the relations of the Great Powers are stabilised within the framework of a system of European order. It is clear that the League system has proved both ineffective and impermanent, and many responsible people now believe that the new order in Europe which the Allies oppose to the conception of a German hegemony can only be achieved through the agency of European Federation. Others arrive at the same conclusion by a more abstract approach, through a belief that the whole conception of the personified omnicompetent Sovereign State, claiming unqualified allegiance from all its citizens and owning no superior on earth, is an anachronism in the closely interrelated world of to-day.

Federalism, then, is in the air, and though Federal Government as we know it to-day is very different from what it was conceived to be in 1787, and though it would have to be modified still further if it were to be applied across old-established national frontiers, nevertheless the principles of Federalism are unalterable. For a classic exposition of these principles we must still turn to the pages of *The Federalist.*

THE *Review of Reviews* enters upon its second year. An office is about to be opened in New York, where the journal will be 'republished, re-edited, and recast in American dress'. Agencies have been established for distribution in Australia and South Africa. In India the *Review* is to be made 'the special organ of the educated native'. All very satisfactory and the Editor feels justified in reprinting his Declaration of Principles on which the *Review* was founded. This is a long and earnest epistle, giving voice to 'aspirations which demand for their realisation the formation of what is to all intents and purposes a Civic Church'.

Having thus adequately saluted a year's progress of his *Review of Reviews*, Stead has rather less space in which to survey the Progress of the World. He opens gloomily. He wants to know—although the question is really a rhetorical one—what statesmen the New Year is destined to destroy. Two great reputations have been destroyed by the old year—Prince Bismarck fell in the spring, Mr. Parnell in the winter. Of churchmen, Cardinal Newman is the most lamented absentee from the New Year rejoicings.

Meanwhile the German Emperor is very much alive, the more brightly shining because of Bismarck's eclipse. His advent upon the stage as an ardent social reformer impresses Stead as the most conspicuous and dramatic of the year's events. 'His transformation has been complete. Twelve months ago Europe believed him to be devoured by militarism, a reactionary of the reactionaries, the obedient tool which Prince Bismarck had moulded to his hand. To-day he stands revealed as the master of Germany, the intelligent and impatient advocate of social reform, the independent and vigorous ruler who realises the altered condition of the new time, and aspires to fill the great rôle of the Hohenzollern turned social Pontiff.'

Does the ex-Kaiser, chopping up wood at Doorn in 1941, sometimes cast his mind back to those glittering and auspicious days when, having dropped the pilot, he began to steer the ship himself? And does he occasionally ask himself uneasily if the first step towards the enthronement of the Austrian house painter may not have been his sacking of the Iron Chancellor?

In 1891 Germany's star, however, is in the ascendant. In Africa, she presses on to the attainment of her ideal of a Colonial Empire. 'The partition of the African map is nearly complete', says Stead, 'the division of the African land has yet to be accomplished.' While Germany is on the grab, we, too, are not inactive, for 'Portugal shrinks in horror from the inevitable which awaits her in the shape of the transfer of her African possessions to the flag of England'.

The British Chartered Company, having advanced pacifically almost to the valley of the Zambesi, is now developing King Solomon's Mines, but this operation has brought the Company into sharp conflict with the Portuguese and Mr. Cecil Rhodes is coming to London to explain matters. 'Mr. Rhodes', says Stead, 'is a man who will never use steel when gold will serve his turn. He is a man who appreciates to the full the power of wealth while despising it himself, for he is probably the only millionaire who lives on £500 a year. He values his millions solely for the political potentiality which they represent. If he can buy the Portuguese out he will certainly not cross swords with them. But whether they are bought out or fought out, the Portuguese must go; that is a fixed principle with Mr. Rhodes.'

In America war has broken out between Sitting Bull's Sioux, of Dakota, with Government troops, and a further impetus has therefore been given to the gradual elimination of the Redskin. Sitting Bull has been killed, together with many men, women and children of his tribe. This would appear to be of little consequence to a writer in the *Paternoster* who declares that the Sioux have no moral system, nor even an embryo conscience.

Stead (with Irish affairs in mind) reflects that Sioux notions are by no means confined to Red Indians. 'It is true', he says, 'that even at the headquarters of the Parnell faction, the killing of wife or children is not regarded as a purely family matter, but in other respects the ethics of the Sioux have a strong family resemblance to the morals sedulously preached by the supporters and defenders of Mr. Parnell against the condemnation of the Irish hierachy.'

The Irish Parliamentary Party, by a majority of 55 to 30, has at last chosen a new leader—Mr. Justin McCarthy. Mr. Parnell, however, has refused to accept that decision. He has hurried over to Ireland, and in North Kilkenny, where a bye-election is in progress, has rallied his supporters, among them (according to Stead) three disfrocked priests, and a large contingent of publicans and sinners. 'The time had come, it was said cynically, for all adulterers to stand shoulder to shoulder in North Kilkenny.' Mr. Michael Davitt, who had hastened to Kilkenny 'and organised the patriots for resistance', reflected that 'there is a Freemasonry in vice which can on occasions be used against those who endeavour to maintain any standard of virtue higher than that of sheer promiscuity'.

Sir John Hennessy is returned [over Vincent Scully, Parnell's nominee] by 2,527 to 1,305, 'a great mercy', says Stead, 'and hailed by the English Liberals as an immense relief'.

Meanwhile, Dr. Koch's consumption cure, having been unduly puffed in November, has fallen into some degree of disrepute in January. Up to the present it seems to have killed more people than it has cured. A grisly cartoon in *Silhouette* shows Koch (against a background of most unprepossessing corpses) saluting his Emperor with a hypodermic syringe shaped like a gun. *Halloo!* exclaims the Emperor. *All your tuberculosis patients are dead. Is that what you call curing them?* To which the doctor replies: *Sire, they are cured of tuberculosis. It is not that which has killed them—it is the treatment!*

# The Bookshelf

*Compton Mackenzie's thoughts on Italy and Greece in 1917 have a fascinating application to current events and they are contained in 'Ægean Memories', Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.*

*Reviewed by Olive Jones.*

I HAVE now quite clear in my head my own solution of the Levantine problem', wrote Compton Mackenzie in 1917. 'I would say to the Italians: "You cannot weaken Serbia and Greece, and you must make up your mind which you are going to weaken. It is more important for you to assure yourselves against the Slav in the Adriatic, therefore give up this attempt to destroy Greece." I would then let the Italians have Corfu, and I would even let them come down the mainland as far as Preveza, but I would insist that the whole of the Dodecanese, Rhodes included, should be given to Venizelos, and simultaneously that we should give him Cyprus . . .' The French, he wrote, were 'being fooled by the Italians'.

There is so much in this book that throws light (and an uncomfortably penetrating light, too, at times) on the extremely complex and delicate situation in Greece during the last war that it is a pity it should be overburdened by what Compton Mackenzie himself refers to as 'the hurly-burly of departmental strife'. 'Half one's time here is wasted in steering one's course between the various interests.' He confesses that his chief memories of his Secret Service days are of 'voyages over blue Ægean seas', and it is rather as if he resolutely turned his back on his own inclinations as a writer, and vowed to record all or nothing of the notes, letters, official instructions and memoranda accumulated during his nine months in the Control Department of the Ægean—including even the many occasional sonnets he wrote to members of his staff! The sonnets are amusing, but most readers would rather have had more of his own impressions of Venizelos, for example, more details of expeditions to the islands—Syra and Zea, Cythnos and Icaria and the rest.

Through this sea of personal disagreements, misunderstandings, injustices, and even bad temper ('I have no doubt H——G—— was rude to C——s; I have equally no doubt that C——s was much ruder to him'), the reader has to steer his own course, pick out his own facts. And the facts, especially in the light of present events, are fascinating. There are references to the Black Hand, to uprisings, to strategic moves and counter-moves, to French, German and Italian influences. There are happy voyages in an armed yacht when he visited the scattered group of islands, pleasant escapes from the problems of administration in the company of the officers he knew and liked so well. There are, too, glimpses into housekeeping problems, and we meet again Lisa and Josephine of *Athenian Memories*.

*'We Fight for the Future', by Basil Matthews. Collins's Focus Books, 6d.*

*Reviewed by Tom Hopkinson.*

THIS is a sincere and intelligent book by one who believes that the British Commonwealth of Nations, with all its faults, is a force for progress in human affairs, and is the most probable 'builder of a world community of free peoples after the war'.

His theme, briefly, is that the British Empire is the only world system in existence to-day. It has carried Western civilisation throughout every continent. On the whole, that spread of civilisation, and of British institutions and ideas, has been for the good of those countries where they have been spread. This, he contends, is demonstrated by two facts. The first is the way all parts of the Empire support Great Britain in time of need. This has been laughed off by

Communists, and ignored to its danger twice by Germany. But it remains a fact.

The second is that, in the words of Lord Snell, 'there are no refugees from British rule'.

British rule has moved slowly for the betterment of subject peoples. At times it has been harsh and oppressive. In places it certainly still is. But it has got in it the seeds of growth, and the Empire, as a whole, has progressed during the last hundred years, away from a system of colonial exploitation, towards an organisation of equal and self-governing people. Moreover, the keenest criticism of British rule still comes from inside Britain.

The book is too loosely-knit and repetitive. Much of the writing is careless, and full of strong words so badly put together as to lose all effect —and even on occasion to say the opposite of what they mean. Of the Gestapo: 'It is the end of the free life and the right regulation of every act from dawn to dark, with the spy at your elbow and the rubber truncheon in readiness wherever a jealous enemy secretly tells lies about you to win favouritism for himself.'

The get-up of the book is curiously unattractive. The cover shows a lion snarling down a camera lens, with a white flag growing out of it and the wording 'Focus your outlook', 'This is a "Focus" book'.

Even we in the sixpennies deserve rather more intelligent treatment than that.

*'Hitler Youth', an unpleasant insight into the recruiting ground for Germany's S.S. and S.A., is reviewed by Eric Turrell. It is by Hans Siemsen and published by Lindsay Drummond at 7/6.*

HERE is a fragment of autobiography describing the *Hitler Jugend*, that vast body of young Germans from which are drafted the recruits for Hitler's S.S. and S.A., the racial aristocrats of the Reich. 'Adolf Goers' told his story to the author, Hans Siemsen, when he was in Paris after escaping from Germany in 1936.

Goers joined the Hitler Youth because it seemed the thing to do; he won himself considerable promotion, but having thereby caused various jealousies and intrigues among his colleagues, was put for a time into a concentration camp. Not long afterwards he was able to cross the frontier to freedom.

He shows us the seamy side of this youth movement, the bribery and corruption, the drunkenness, the cruelty and the immorality. Particularly the immorality. Personally, I consider this much discussed homosexuality of the Nazis to be the least important of their evils, and I cannot help viewing with a tinge of suspicion any book exploiting the morbid (though periodically fashionable) interest in it. But we will let that pass.

Goers was perfectly right in resenting the amorous advances of his superior officers, but his attitude to the day-by-day existence in the movement, though only largely natural in a sensitive boy, is inclined, nevertheless, to priggishness. I found myself disliking him intensely, and wanting to side with the ruffians he despised and condone their drink and their women and even their perversions.

After all, is it the horseplay that genuinely matters? Or the immorality, if the Nazis were going Greek, which I'm positive they aren't? Unhappily, the cancer lies far deeper than that. A whole generation of fixed-bayonet mentality is growing up under the auspices of the Hitler Youth, a generation which will as surely endanger the preservation of the peace to come as its parents wantonly shattered the peace that was. Nor is Hitler solely responsible for this state of affairs. The fixed-bayonet mentality is latent in the German character: the Nazis have drawn it out and nourished it in their youth, not created it. We cannot finally quench it with the sword: evil does not conquer evil, only good. When we have won the war we shall need twenty years to win the peace, and in it we and those who have gained freedom in our company must accomplish a miracle. For unless we can eradicate the brute element in the German race, unless we can unwaveringly pin our faith in R.L.S.'s ultimate decency conviction as applied to the Germans as much as to any other people, we are fighting this war for no more noble end than to save our own skins. A laudable motive in itself, of course, but isn't it wiser to look ahead?

*That the blockade of Germany is not in itself a war-winner but an auxiliary of our armed forces, is the text of a threepenny Oxford pamphlet here reviewed by Barbara Ward.*

MR. R. W. B. CLARKE'S pamphlet on the Blockade is a valuable and timely study of the question—timely because it comes to underline the lessons of the first year of war, valuable for it puts those lessons in proper perspective. We have learnt that our early complacent belief in our ability to 'bring Germany to her knees' by the use of the blockade alone is as illusory as all the other excursions into wish-fulfilment which, for the first six months of the war, took the place of a war strategy. The blockade has fallen into proper perspective as an *auxiliary* of the armed forces; we shall never again look on it as a substitute for them. The rôle of the blockade is to help in the creation of conditions in which our military strength can be used against Germany with an assurance of victory; but it does not in itself give that assurance.

One great merit of the pamphlet is that it brings out the important connection between the blockade and the mighty operations of our bomber command. Just as the blockade is the auxiliary of the armed forces, so too the nightly bombing of industrial targets and of vital communications in Germany is the auxiliary of our control at sea. Not only can we ensure that Germany is short of vital supplies, but we can interfere with the distribution of the supplies that she possesses. Every bomb on Hamm or on the Dortmund-Ems canal increases the strain on the German supply system, and since we cannot always prevent the arrival of supplies to the Reich, the next best thing is to see that they are not distributed when they do arrive. Similarly, in the bombing of industrial plant, we shall not keep all industrial raw materials from flowing to Leuna or Gelsenkirchen, but our constant hammering will hamper their transformation into useful war material. And the effect of this hammering over a long period, although it is not a sensational destruction of Germany's industrial capacity, is a steady reduction in its efficiency and adaptability. In Mr. Clarke's words, our bombing makes the German economy 'brittle'.

Blockade and bombing are the weapons of patience and preparation. They will serve us well, provided we keep firmly in mind their essential character as auxiliaries and do not expect them to win the day without further effort. It is the great merit of Mr. Clarke's pamphlet that this point is driven firmly home.

THE TIDE OF FORTUNE. By Stefan Zweig. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Twelve 'historical miniatures'.

CONSCIENCE AND LIBERTY. By Robert S. W. Pollard. *Allen & Unwin.* 2s. 6d.

'Words like "conscience," "liberty" and "freedom" are constantly bandied about in England and the emotional attachments of the words confuse their users and prevent them from understanding the principles which lie—or should lie—behind. Yet freedom of conscience and freedom of thought will only be secure when the principles which make these necessary for any State fit to live in, are understood and accepted.'

GOLDEN TREASURY OF SCOTTISH POETRY. Selected and Edited by Hugh Macdiarmid. *Macmillan. 8s. 6d.*

HOMAGE TO HYMEN. An anthology for the affianced and married, made and edited by H. Yaffe. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

A.A.S.F. (Advanced Air Striking Force). By Charles Gardner. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

PARIS AFTER THE PRUSSIANS. By Maxime du Camp. (1822–1894) *Hutchinson.* 15s.

LAUGHTER PARADE. Edited by Anthony Armstrong. *Faber & Faber.* 8s. 6d.

# Cross-Section

## *A REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S PRESS*

### After Nietzsche—Treitschke!

In June 1914 a remarkable book was published entitled *Germany and England*. Its author was Prof. J. A. Cramb, who, for twenty years, had inconspicuously taught modern history in a finishing establishment for young ladies. Cramb had studied in the University of Bonn. He passed under the spell of Treitschke, admiring his splendid eloquence, respecting his obvious sincerity, feeling the power of his magnetic personality, but at the same time dreading the effect of his influence upon the vast multitude of his auditors and his readers. For Treitschke was an avowed and violent enemy of England, and the whole trend of his teaching was War.

Heinrich von Treitschke was a Slav. His ancestors were Czechs. He has been called the 'Macaulay of Germany', and it is certain that his books made a popular appeal unequalled by that of any purely Teutonic writings. Their only rival was Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Grundlagen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, and Chamberlain was an Englishman. It would appear that the High German has to be leavened with the Slav, the Low German, or (we must add) the Jew, in order to make him readable.

The Treitschke family was a military one. Heinrich himself was destined to become a soldier, and no doubt would have become one, had it not been for the circumstance that he was rendered almost stone-deaf by an illness in early boyhood. His disability closed both the Army and the Civil Service to him. There was nothing for him except study and teaching.

In 1857, Treitschke began to teach. Even his strident voice, harsh and unmusical because of his extreme deafness, marked him out as unusual.

Bismarck welcomed him to Berlin with warm cordiality and secured for him the editorship of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*. In all the proceedings that led to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 Bismarck had no more zealous and vociferous a supporter than Treitschke. His hatred of France was intense: he wrote a pamphlet which advocated the virtual de-

TREITSCHKE . . . 'WAR'S DREADFUL MEDICINE'

struction of that country. In 1874 he received his reward. He was appointed to the chair of politics at the University of Berlin, an institution very much under the immediate eyes of the Emperor and his Iron Chancellor. At Berlin he remained, delivering his inflammatory lectures on politics, until his death at the age of sixty-two in 1896.

'War is the only remedy for ailing nations,' he cries. 'The living God will see to it that War constantly returns as a dreadful medicine for the human race.' But, of course, the only sort of war that Treitschke contemplates for Germany is victorious and successful war. Lord Balfour well summarises Treitschke's argument: 'While Germany was in the throes of the Thirty Years War, or slowly recovering from its effects, England, the detested rival, was laying the foundations of the English-speaking communities beyond the seas. . . . What Britain secured must be worth having. If there was something worth having and Germany had it not, this must be due to the bad luck which sometimes pursues even the most deserving.'

Of any generous colonial policy, however, Treitschke is totally devoid. He frankly says: *There is no other course open to us but to keep the*

*subject races in as uncivilised a condition as possible, and thus prevent them becoming a danger to the handful of their conquerors.*

Heaven defend the natives of India, or the negroes of Africa, if ever they pass under German domination!

Other peoples, necessarily inferior, have no rights as against Germany and her people: *It makes for health that the nobler race should absorb the inferior stock.*

The conduct of Germany before and during the Great War of 1914–18 showed how thoroughly Treitschke's principles of violence and fraud, of merciless ferocity and bottomless treachery had taken possession of the German soul. They had met with all-too-ready a response in the hearts of a barbaric race that had never known the discipline of Rome, and that had only late and imperfectly been converted to Christianity.

F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, condensed from *Nineteenth Century & After.*

**Jargon Dept.**

*KITES & BANGERS* MANY of the squadrons in the Air Force have their own slang words, and a stranger in the mess could hear conversation going on without understanding a word of it. How could he know, when he heard a young pilot-officer say that he was 'browned-off', that he was depressed or fed-up? 'I saw a wizard job in the village this morning.' How could he suspect that the pilot-officer meant that he had seen a beautiful girl? The fitters and riggers and other members of the ground staff frequently refer to aircraft as 'kites'. The pilot himself scorns the word 'kite'. He prefers 'aircraft'.

A good deal of sailor's slang still survives in the Service, left over from the early days when there was a Royal Naval Air Service, before the Air Force was formed. The Navy are very conservative, and they brought their own words inland to Cranwell, in the heart of Lincolnshire. They always asked for leave to 'go ashore' when they wished to go into Nottingham, to dine. One good sailor's word you will find in the Air Force is 'banger', a sausage. I had a friend, as gay an Irishman as ever lived. One evening he called out to me, 'The bangers are coming up like nobes.' I had to ask before I understood that the sausages were coming up like nobody's business.

When a man is making a fuss, they say he is 'getting into a flap', or that he is 'flapping'. The ornate gold oak leaves on the peak of an Air Commodore's hat are called 'scrambled eggs'. But one of the best phrases is used to describe some problem which they have mastered. They say, 'I have got that buttoned up'. Like a flash, the phrase 'wicked enemy' has swept through the Service: 'I met the wicked enemy.' 'I wonder if the wicked enemy will arrive to-night.'

HECTOR BOLITHO, *The Listener.*

*SNOBS AND KNICKERS* TAILORS have a 'language' of their own. Here are some of the terms used in the trade: *Snob* (bad tailor), *don* (good tailor), *bells* (time), *ship* (firm), *board* (workshop), *flag* (job vacant), *log* (record of work), *mouse* (treat the men), *bears* (men return the treat), *skiffle* (full steam ahead), *Reuter* (man who reads the news), *knicker* (loan fund), *mungo* (clippings), *bunk* (bed), *land* (obtain anything), *dunt* (fail to repay money), *ring* (collection), *piece out* (help), *dead* (work paid for before finished), *the ship is on the dead sea* (making work which is paid for).

*Tailor and Cutter.*

***Musical Bank**

PIKEVILLE, KENTUCKY: Each day at the First National Bank here begins with Scripture reading and hymn singing by the staff, employees taking turns in leading the services. It is the only bank in the world with an electric organ. There are concerts twice a day on the organ; in the intervals an automatic phonograph plays.

*Saturday Evening Post.*

**Kill-Joys**

CONTROL of pleasure quarters, including theatres, cafés, bars, restaurants, brothels, geisha quarters, billiard and majong halls, etc., throughout Hyogo Prefecture, has been greatly intensified by the Peace Preservation Section. Theatres and shows, etc., will not be permitted to open before noon except on Sundays, national holidays and other special days. Brothels, etc., are not permitted to start business before five o'clock in the afternoon, while customers are not allowed to stay at these places later than eight o'clock the next morning.

*Japan Weekly Chronicle.*

---

**See Butler's* Erewhon, *referred to on page 58.*

### Handel's Rumba

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA BURLESQUED. (*Hogarth*)

SOME predecessors of the quaint instruments used in the jazz bands of the present times were to be found in the burlesque orchestra which was assembled at Ranelagh Gardens in Chelsea for the performance of Bonnell Thornton's burlesque of Handel's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, set to music by Dr. Charles Burney in the mid-eighteenth century.

This was described as 'adapted to the Ancient British music, the Jew's harp, the marrow bones and cleavers, the salt-box, the hum-strum, and the hurdy-gurdy, etc.' The performers sang the recitative airs and choruses in masquerade dresses, and the salt-box was particularly successful.

Possibly the first performance of our burlesque band should be assigned to 1759. The salt-box may have been used as a drum with a stick or merely to emit a clapping sound with the lid and the knuckles drumming on its side. Hogarth's picture entitled *The Beggar's Opera* shows also a bagpiper, a man playing a zither on a stand, and a string and bladder which emitted a droning sound, with a horsehair bow. The cleavers were the hatchets used by butchers, which were probably suspended beneath the stage, giving out a ringing tone when hit by a marrow-bone, i.e. the large thigh-bone of an ox.

My attention has been called to some strange instruments used at the present day in a Cuban band. One of these is known as the Jaw bone, with which a drum is beaten.

DR. BELLAMY GARDNER, *The Connoisseur*.

### We Did Right at Dakar

THOSE who could not read the real trend of events in the French Colonial Empire when the Pétain Government collapsed, now clamour that Dakar should be taken at all costs. The British Government should do nothing of the sort—yet.

It is difficult to see how the Vichy Government can stand up indefinitely and there is more than a possibility that the British Government believe that the occupation of the whole of France by Germany and Italy is only a matter of time. In such circumstances, much of the French Colonial Empire now wavering on the brink would throw in their lot with Great Britain, whilst those parts of the French Colonial Empire which, at their peril, continued to take orders from France when wholly under German rule would have to suffer the consequences and be fought.

The British Government wanted a better cause for hammering French territory, either Metropolitan or Colonial, than Dakar.

*West African Review*.

### Grim and Gay

SOME wag has started a new shelter game. When a person makes an ordinary remark capable of another meaning, there is a general shout of 'Famous last words'. For example, 'It's quite all right, it's only shells'; 'I'm not afraid'; 'They can't keep me awake', and so on. Try it on your friends. It's quite refreshing and jolly good fun. *Games & Toys*.

**Electric Orchestras Soon?**

How could $2,500 worth of tubes, condensers, and electrical gadgets, collectively known as the Hammond Electric Organ, hope to compete with one of the finest pipe organs in mid-America?

The battle of the organs was a tilt between an inventor who knows hardly a single note of music and musicians who would be equally lost among the synchronous motors, tubes, condensers, coils, and cones of his electrical engineer's laboratory.

Hammond had proposed the unique tests at the Chicago University Chapel in which thirty selections of sixteen bars each would be played on one organ or the other in unannounced sequence. Jurors were to determine which organ selections were played on the Skinner pipe organ and which on the Hammond electric. Organ manufacturers throughout America, their business hit by the Hammond, had maintained that only instruments using pipes and reeds could produce 'organ music'.

The musicians were wrong in from ten to ninety per cent of their opinions. Inventor Hammond, vindicated by this performance, could thank modern science for a miracle.

In her autobiography, Eunice Tietjens, the poet, shows pardonable pride in her ingenious young brother, 'who has to his credit the *Teleview* (a three-dimensional movie), the *Shadowgraph* (the only effect Ziegfeld ever used for more than one season in the *Follies*), the Hammond Electric Clock, the bridge table which shuffles cards . . .'

Since 1937, Hammond has invented and successfully marketed the Novachord, generally admitted to be the world's most versatile musical instrument, and the Solovox, still another musical instrument. He makes predictions as to the nature of the symphony orchestra of two decades hence ('one quarter of the instruments will be electrical').

The 'three-dimensional movie' produced the necessary stereoscopic effect to a startling degree. Close-ups of love scenes were almost embarrassing.

'Even the little drops of perspiration on the face of the heroine shone like convex mirrors,' Hammond recalls.

The Novachord produces music ranging from that of the piano or the organ to strings and wood winds, music distinct and characteristic of whichever instrument it is desired to represent. It can be 'bright' or 'mellow', a sharp percussion note or a sustained and swelling organ note, or the ringing cry of a Hawaiian guitar.

Hammond plays poker indecently well, particularly for a man who builds church organs.

STERLING NORTH, *Atlantic Monthly*.

**'Ware Hitler's Navy**

References to the enemy fleet are couched nowadays in an almost contemptuous tone. We are up against a fallacy which has brought disaster again and again. Germany has now at her disposal all the shipyards of Holland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Poland, and France, as well as those of Italy.

Reflect that all British expert estimates of the naval situation are based upon existing types of warships, and existing naval building programmes. What if the enemy, who has developed revolutionary forms of attack on land, proceeds to develop equally revolutionary forms of attack at sea? The danger always exists, especially in time of war, that the enemy may seek to gain an advantage by suddenly varying the compromise components of his designs. He may suddenly plump for very high speed plus very heavy guns *sans* armour, or for very heavy guns and armour *sans* speed. It is difficult for us to get reliable knowledge of foreign designs in war.

Now the costliest 'component' in any naval design is undoubtedly high speed. Before the last war the question whether this sacrifice of guns and armour to speed was really worth the candle was the subject of keen debate among our officers; war-experience, paradoxically enough, failed to give any conclusive answer. At the Coronel, Craddock's squadron, superior in speed, was annihilated by Von Spee's slower ships. This was because Craddock declined to use his superior speed to run away. At the Plate, superior speed, skilfully exploited, enabled our ships to close the range, but it was poor enemy armouring which made the superior fire-volume of our lighter guns so terribly effective at close quarters.

Germany does not need speed to force the British fleet to give battle. Germany, so long as she keeps the initiative, can choose her own selected moment, and add to this advantage her own selected weather conditions, and her own selected theatre of operations. Suppose Germany to set her mind on gaining control of the narrow

waters of the English Channel zone. What if the Germans concentrate on producing a revolutionary type of warship specially designed for fair weather conditions, for short-term action, and to work in conjunction with mines, submarines, E-boats, and bombers?

If we can revolutionise and speed up our aircraft production, Germany can revolutionise and speed up her naval production just as easily. It is going to take at least six months for news of this new programme to leak through to the British Admiralty, another three months while details are being sifted and counter-designs worked out. In the old days we could 'watch a design and then beat it'. If Germany can gain a start of nine months she will maintain this to the end. Nelson discussed with his captains every possible contingency under which the enemy might be met. We must tackle our problem in the same spirit. Nothing could be more disastrous than a British naval edition of the French Maginot Line mentality. If Hitler actually plans our destruction on the seas he will affect to under-rate the value of sea-power, lay all stress in public on the *Luftwaffe*. It is, perhaps, more than a coincidence that German Press and wireless propaganda is working upon these very lines.

VICTOR W. GERMAINS, condensed from *The Contemporary Review*.

### Elephants Never Forget

EVEN with non-domestic animals, it has been found that, when contact with humans has been established, intelligent observation develops and they acquire personalities of their own. Indicative of this fact is the amusing incident related by Mr. H. Richard Jones, the Governing Director of the Animals' Friends Society. Here is the story in Mr. Jones's own words:

'Many years ago I had the honour to serve in the good ship *Maharajah* when she was tender to the Indian Penal Settlement at Port Blair, Andaman Islands. The industry of the settlement at that time was the export of the rare padouk timber that abounds in the forests of the islands. The convicts were actively engaged in the work of felling and clearing; and a large herd of trained elephants was also employed.

'On one occasion when we lay at anchor in Port Blair harbour, our genial and popular skipper, Captain Ray White, decided to celebrate his birthday with a luncheon party, and on the eventful day the ship was dressed 'over all' with bunting from eight o'clock in the morning—the customary hour for hoisting flags.

'Early in the forenoon watch the following signal was received from the shore semaphore station: "O.H.M.S. From Chief Commissioner, Port Blair, to Commanding Officer *Maharajah:* Please undress ship. *Our elephants. seeing your flags, think it's a public holiday and refuse to work.*"'

From *When Your Animal Dies*, by Sylvia Barbanell.

### Unreserved Occupation

WE are told that the army is crying out for bagpipes. Every man to his own poison, and may the army get all the bagpipes it can blow! But the shortage of supplies is not due to wood shortage, which is usually blamed for everything, but to the dearth of skilled workmen. It appears that bagpipe-making is a highly skilled job, not to be picked up in a month or so. The wood used is of the heaviest kind, such as ebony, and the workmanship is of the best. And you will be interested to learn that the stick with the holes in for the piper's finger tips is known as the *chanter*, and the three sticks (if we may say so) that the piper flings grandiloquently over his shoulder are the *drones*.

*Wood.*

### 270 Years of Air-Raids

THE first man to visualise the menace from the clouds was Lana de Terzi, the Italian, who dreamed in 1670 of an aerial ship which could be used to destroy hostile fleets and buildings, castles and cities.

Next came Jonathan Swift with his vision of 1726. His immortal hero, Gulliver, went to Laputa, where he saw the floating island of Laputa. When the king wished to punish a mutinous town he simply sent Laputa to float over the place while the inhabitants were pelted with great stones 'against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces'.

Erasmus Darwin, in 1769:

'Warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.'

Darwin lived to see Montgolfier's balloons successfully ascending and may have heard that in 1793 the French inventor proposed to drop two bombs weighing more than fourteen tons from a balloon upon the rebellious city of Toulon then in revolt against the Republic.

In this country Charles Rogier of Cheshire, in a pamphlet of 1818, thought it feasible to send up a balloon to drop spiked rockets upon the enemy. The discharge of the bombs would be by a clockwork apparatus.

A century ago Mazzini, the Italian patriot, was considering an inventor's scheme for driving the Austrians from Italy. The inventor had perfected a balloon which could be regulated.

The British Government was beginning to show interest in aerial warfare. In 1846 subsidies were paid an inventor to demonstrate his free balloon which would automatically drop explosives on forts and towns 'and spread consternation among troops and civilians'.

Tennyson's *Locksley Hall*, written four years earlier—

'Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue'.

In 1862, Henry Coxwell declared that he saw no reason why aerial shells raised by balloons and disunited by means of fuses should not be as effective as iron shells thrown from a mortar.

Not until 1884 was aircraft used in a campaign by this country, when balloons, five in number, were taken to the Transvaal, where they caused much moral effect among the natives.

This led a man named Gower to propose that in any campaign a balloon battery should be set on fire to windward of the enemy and allowed to drift with a load of explosives.

At the same time Gower begged the War Office to send some of these batteries to relieve Gordon at Khartoum.

CHARLES H. LEA,
*A.R.P. & A.F.S. Review.*

**Waddling Molotov, Galloping Lenin**

MOLOTOV—whose nickname of 'Stonebottom' is derived partly from his curious, waddling walk, and partly because of the difficulties encountered when any attempt to oust him is made—is a quiet, almost clerical, figure, with a cynical, devastatingly clear quality of sarcasm at his command. He once drew the distinction between capitalism and the Soviet Union. In a capitalist country, he remarked, there is a plan within each factory, and chaos outside. In the Soviet Union there is a plan embracing every factory, but chaos inside each. . . .

Even the attraction of the champion Lenin down from the Rand to fulfil his engagement in the Natal Guineas did not attract the big crowd sufficient to clear a substantial profit for the war funds. The 'tote' aggregate was hardly more than that of an ordinary meeting. Lenin had as his chief rival Noble Peer, and they finished first and second. It is long since odds on at as much as '8's' were recorded on a race in this province, and I cannot recall a minor classic, even with very small fields, where the Ring was so conservative. Lenin has now won four out of his six starts.

*Horse and Hound.*

**What is Public Opinion?**

PUBLIC opinion is what you will say out loud to anyone. It is an overt, and not necessarily candid, part of your private opinion. It is necessary to subdivide public opinion into two sorts:

1. *Public opinion*, which is the overt though often temporary opinion stated to a stranger by the private individual. Strictly speaking, therefore, public opinion, when used in a democratic sense, means the complex of different points of view stated to strangers by forty million citizens.

2. *Published opinion*. This is public opinion as reflected in the Press, B.B.C., news-reels, Parliament. It is the version of public opinion which is given wide currency through these channels.

It has become a perfect habit for editors to believe they are writing as the representatives of the people. (Indeed, the editor of one paper writes under the name of *The Man in the Street*, another styles himself *Man of the People*.) But the deeper question for democracy and far-seeing leadership, and one needing a regular, accurate, objective answer, is 'What is *Private* Opinion?'

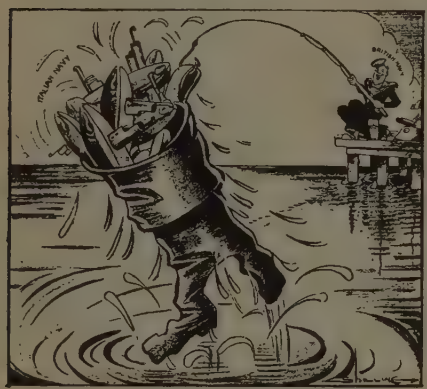
TOM HARRISSON,
*The Political Quarterly.*

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

'THE SPIRIT OF LONDON'

*Great Britain & The East*

'THE WOOING OF JAPAN'

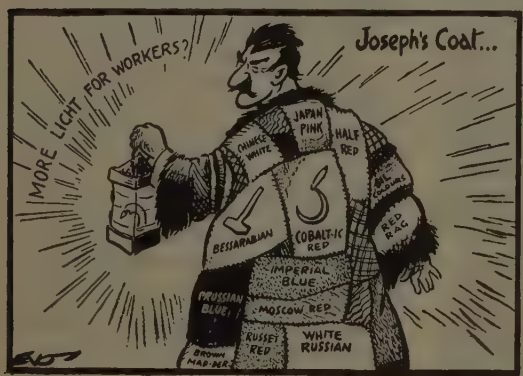



*Times of Ceylon*

'—AND MORE TO BOOT!'

*Madras Mail*

'IN THE BREED'




*Natal Mercury*

'—OF MANY COLOURS!'

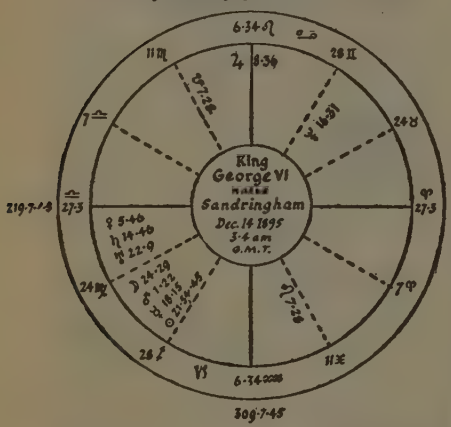
*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

'OIL FOR GOERING'S LAMPS'

### The King's Horoscope

THE King's accession to the throne was equally plainly indicated by three propitious primary directions, the most important of which was the trine of Jupiter to his Ascendant at birth. A favourable figure for the summer solstice (1941), in which the Sun, Venus and Mercury occupy the seventh angle, offers a brighter outlook. These indications should be

*Long. 0.30 E. Lat. 52.50 N. Log. Tan 10.12026*
*R.A. of M.C. 8°36'31" or 129°7'45" in arc.*




*The Occult Review.*

taken advantage of after next July to secure, if possible, a European settlement before another grave crisis confronts the Empire and the world at large in which the United States will be called upon to play an important rôle—one for which all her resources will be urgently needed. We must not look for stable world conditions, for they may be another eight years from the present time; not, however, till war and revolution have taken their toll and convinced mankind that the road to prosperity lies, not through warfare, however temporarily successful, but through the saner method of national arbitration.

The autumn of 1943 to the spring of 1946 is a particularly critical period in the King's horoscope, and therefore in this country's destiny.

The directions are calculated by logarithms in proportion to the semiarcs (hour angles) of the planets directed.

HON. RALPH SHIRLEY, *Occult Review.*

### Biblical Billeting

IN a remarkable will, the late Mrs. Catherine Hathaway, a member of the sect of Jehovah's Witnesses, directed that property, including her Auckland residence, shall be held in trust by the International Bible Students' Association for occupation by David and other Biblical characters named in the 11th Chapter of Hebrews when they return to earth.

Mrs. Hathaway states in her will that she is certain that God's Kingdom is now being established with visible representatives on earth, who will have charge of the affairs of nations. Among them will be David, former King of Israel.

*North Queensland Register.*

### Insurance A La Mode

SLOT machines are now being installed in hotel lobbies and railway stations in the U.S.A. to sell accident insurance policies, good for *twenty-four hours* and carrying a maximum indemnity of $7,500. When a quarter is dropped in the slot, a glass panel slides back, allowing the purchaser to write his name and that of his beneficiary. The machine imprints the time of day upon the policy, releases one document to the insured, and retains a duplicate in the machine.

*Shelf Appeal.*

### So We Suspected

[*The following Draft Instructions were found in a railway carriage recently.*]

TO ALL EMPLOYEES OF THE ——— RAILWAY COMPANY

1. The public must always be given information in a *negative* form. It is better to refuse all information, but if any is given inquirers should be told what they *cannot* do—never what they can.

2. Any employee found giving advice or *positive* information to the public in an emergency is liable to instant dismissal.

3. All information as to an emergency given by the company must in every case be in such a form that it is intelligible only to a person who has an intimate knowledge of the working of the company's system and carries in his head a map of the line.

*Law Journal.*

### The Railways Defended

RAILWAYS form such a vital part of our communications that nothing must be allowed to transpire as to what is taking place in their activities. This incident will serve to illustrate the necessity for silence:

One evening recently a London suburban train destined for Station A made its usual call at Junction B, where the passengers were unexpectedly told to change to another train and proceed by a different route as the usual service between B and A was temporarily suspended. The transfer involved crossing to another platform. But when they reached this they received counter-advice to go back again and get into the train that they had just got out of, which was running normally after all.

'If that,' grunted a well-seasoned and grizzled traveller of the type whose only pleasure in life is gained from grousing, 'is a sample of the way the whole country is run, we don't deserve to win the war. Thank goodness the railways don't control everything.'

But if he had only known, the railway company concerned had put in an extremely smart piece of work that afternoon. At 4 there had been an air-raid. At 4.10 a delayed-action bomb had fallen on the line between Stations A and B. By 4.15 the company had completed its arrangements to divert all traffic through another route.

These arrangements were still in operation at 7.15 when the above incident took place. But at 7.20 a telephone message had come from the military authorities who had been working on the bomb to say that it had now been made harmless. And by 7.25 the railway company had reinstated its normal service between B and A.

PHILIP T. DREW,
*The Factory Manager.*

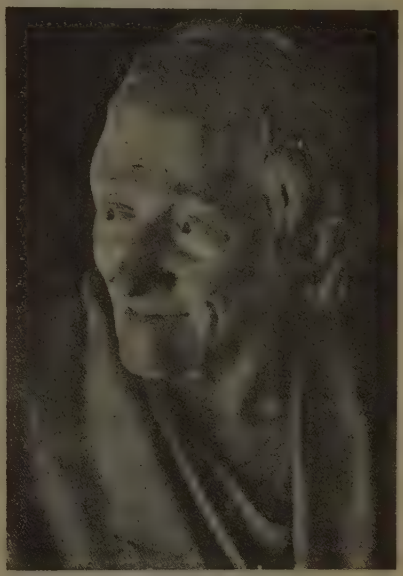
### Hundwaffe

ASKED who will win the war, Peggy, a liver-and-white spaniel, belonging to Mr. Alfred Appleton, a Brighton hotelier, barks excitedly and plays the opening bars of the National Anthem on the piano. She fires a toy pistol with her paw at the mention of Hitler and produces a large mallet if anybody says 'Mussolini'.

*Evening Standard.*

### Voltaire Invented a Tank

IT would appear that it first entered his head about 1741; because that year, in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, he mentions a 'battle-chariot', and the future possibility of gaining battles by means of cannon alone. Yet nothing further is heard of this machine until 1756, when the Seven Years War was declared and France was confronted by Prussia.



VOLTAIRE: 'A VERY CONVENIENT ORNAMENT. . . .'

He writes to Florian: 'My dear Superintendent of the Chariots of Cyrus, I forgot to mention to you that a small box on the cart with half a dozen double grenades in it would make a very convenient ornament. . . . This machine can do a great deal of good and no harm whatsoever. I look upon it, after the invention of gunpowder, as the most certain instrument of victory. . . . It is only by abandoning the normal way that the King of Prussia, by carrying forward the food and forage of his cavalry in wagons, even before there was a blade of grass on the ground, was able from four directions to enter Bohemia and terrorise that country. Of a certainty Maréchal de Saxe would have made use of our chariots of war.'

Obviously the idea was being ridiculed and opposed, and Voltaire was intent on defending it: 'I understand well that it is not for me to mix myself up in how men can most conveniently be killed. . . . Yet, if a monk, with some charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre, was able to change the art of war throughout this evil world, surely then why should not a scribbler like myself render a small service incognito?'

What was Voltaire's invention? There can be little doubt that it resembled the Scottish War Cart of 1456, described by Francis Grose in his *Military Antiquities*. We know that it was moved by two horses and that its crew was two men. It was, therefore, a smaller vehicle than its Scottish ancestor, and probably the first two-man tank ever devised.

It was a great idea born before its age. Inventions come and go, but military opacity remains constant.

MAJOR-GEN. J. F. C. FULLER,
*The Spectator*.

**Against Beaverbrook**

*CHANGES HIS MIND* How Not to Run a Department.—The Minister of Aircraft Production is doing a good job of work. But there have been other ministerial successes in our history, and they have not all found it necessary to turn their Departments upside down.

Take, for example, the return of the Department from the North to London. Married men in the process of removing their homes from London were uncertain whether to complete or to cancel their arrangements. Ultimately, and very hurriedly, the return to London took place; many hundreds of hours of work were lost because of the lack of organisation which inevitably followed this period of unnecessary procrastination and delay.

In the matter of annual leave the Minister appears to have changed his mind three times in about three weeks.

A note has been sent to highly placed officials in the Ministry, stating that owing to the generosity of the *Daily Express*, who had offered to put a number of experienced shorthand-typists at the disposal of the Ministry, it was hoped that it would be possible not only to meet outstanding demands for personal shorthand-typists, but also, where necessary, to replace those who were not up to standard.

This method of recruiting staffs to the Civil Service is a blatant violation of the regulations which have been prescribed by the Government and which it is the duty of Lord Beaverbrook and other members of the Cabinet to enforce. Equally objectionable is the invitation to high officials to act in a mean and ungrateful way to their personal assistants by secretly reporting upon their alleged shortcomings in a way which deprives these girls of the protection to which they are entitled.

*Red Tape* (Civil Service Magazine).

*ELECTRIC KICK-OFF* Lord Beaverbrook has an impudent audacity which is very valuable. He refuses to listen to reason when his instincts tell him something is necessary. He works on the principle that what is thinkable is possible. He is the voltage in the War Cabinet, and voltage is essential; but so is an electric circuit to carry the current. As an electric circuit, the 'Beaver' would be a menace, for he would join positive to negative and cause a series of short-circuits without a blush on his face. He would even get a sardonic pleasure in watching the explosion, just as a small boy enjoys the uproar in a household when he fuses the lights.

The 'Beaver' is like the Lord Mayor who kicks off at a cup-tie. Sometimes he kicks the ball in the wrong direction. The important point is that he starts the ball rolling and the professionals can then get busy. The Lord Mayor may even rush on to the field after the game has started. It is then necessary to trip him up. This is not easy, for he is very agile and sometimes brings a second ball on to the ground. There have been occasions on which this has proved to be a convenience and enabled a goal to be scored at both ends of the field.

*K.-H. News-Letter*.

**Against Everybody**

Those who lived through the years before 1914 will remember how even then, thirty years ago, the Conservative propaganda machine made its main stock-in-trade the menace of a German invasion, in order to press their demands for heavy rearmament and conscription. The same technique has been visible to-day. Every time discontent rose high, Churchill made another speech about invasion. A long series of fictitious dates were planted in Hitler's mouth by British propaganda.

Hundreds of millions of profits are coined from the war by the rich. . . . Petrograd, 1916: London, 1941!

Another school of Liberal-Labour ideologues, the skirmishers on the left (the Laskis, Brailsfords, Francis Williams, Bevins, Kingsley Martins, etc.), seek audaciously to go further and present the same policy of coalition with imperialist war in a more sophisticated 'revolutionary' and even 'Marxist' guise. They admit that the war is an imperialist war, but claim that it is 'not merely an imperialist war' (the argument of Laski's 'Is this an Imperialist War?').

The British Tory rulers, the leaders of world counter-revolution, who have chosen for their associates the super-fascist De Gaulle for France, the Rauschning-Strasser reactionaries for Germany, the vicious anti-Soviet Sikorski for Poland—are proclaimed now as leaders of 'a European revolution', leaders of 'the common man's fight against exploitation'.

R. PALME DUTT,
*Labour Monthly.*

**Utopian Cross-Section**

*The following is a supplementary list of 'future worlds' devised by men in books and legends of all nations.* (*See 'Utopia Round the Corner', page 55.*)

LEGENDARY: the warrior's beer-hall in Norse and Anglo-Saxon lore; the Arabian Ideal Caliphate; the Arthurian Avalon; the 'lost Atlantis' tradition.

CHRISTIAN: the Revelation of St. John; Bernard de Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees;* Andraea, Colt, Mercier, Burgh, Say, Lytton, and others.

POLITICO-PHILOSOPHICAL: Campanella's *City of the Sun,* Harington's *Oceana,* Hume's *Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth,* Comte's *Western Republic,* Howell's *Altruria,* Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* Hertzka's *Freiland,* Cabet's *Icaria.*

COMMUNIST: Marx's *Kapital,* Morris's *News from Nowhere,* and many others.

DRAMA: Čapek's *R.U.R.*; the futuristic parts of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah.*

FILM: *Metropolis; The Shape of Things to Come;* etc.

POETIC: Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass;* Edward Carpenter's *Towards Democracy.*

WELLSIAN: *Anticipations; Mankind in the Making; The Sleeper Awakes; The Time Machine.*

FEDERAL UNION: Clarence Streit's *Union Now,* and others.

**Paradise Lost**

MORE than half the party of nineteen Californians, who had sought for a Utopia on East Caicos Island, in the West Indies, have left, suffering from disillusionment. Those who remained had not made up their minds what to do.

*Crown Colonist.*

**Rude Forefathers**

WITH regard to bawdy verse, I have been unable, for legal and other reasons, to give a fair representation here to this most essential and exhilarating and important element of our poetic corpus. I have no sympathy whatever with any bowdlerisers or any of the slick gentry at fitting up ancient bawdry for 'ears polite'. I would fain have included a good dose of it with all the old virility most scandalously intact. The Scots have never been squeamish in this direction, and to omit it is sadly to emasculate and misrepresent the splendid 'gallus' body of Scottish poetry at a time when it is more than ever urgently necessary to resist all efforts to turn Scots in stots. Like all my predecessors of any consequence in the ranks of the Scottish poets, I regard the Merry Muses as quite indispensable—and by no means the least important—members of the Sacred Sisterhood.

HUGH MACDIARMID, Introduction to
*The Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry.*

**Is This True?**

AMONG the members of the Czech cabinet formed by President Beneš in London, there are some whose inclusion has caused a great deal of heart-burning among Czech democrats. These are, firstly, M. Viest, who placed his services, on March 14, 1939, at the disposal of the Fascist Slovak Government, whose Nazi-instigated revolt was the signal for the German march on Prague. As his reward he was made Inspector-General of the Nazi-dominated Slovak Army.

Osusky, also a Slovak, was one of the chiefs of the Right-wing Agrarian Party, which had been a big factor forcing Beneš (with threats of civil war) to capitulate to the Munich Diktat. He is a wealthy financier whose activities were

tied up with the so-called Agrarian 'co-operatives', which were really monopolistic organisations. As ambassador to Paris, he was one of the close confidants of Bonnet! Led the press agitation in Czechoslovakia after the Munich tragedy demanding the trial of 'all those who, by allowing Czechoslovakia to become an advance-guard of Bolshevism, threatened the Führer's plans for European peace'. He was thus a forerunner of the present Laval-Hitler attack on Reynaud and Mandel in France.

Feierabend was also a member of the Agrarian Right-wing, was president of the Grain Monopoly, and as such, of course, very unpopular. He continued for some time in office under Hitler, and was responsible for exporting grain to Nazi Germany at dumping prices, while the Czech unemployed were experiencing bitter privations.

Slavik was Czechoslovakian Home Secretary some years ago, and also none too popular because of his fascistic measures.

General Ingres, Commander of the Czech Emigré Forces, also belongs to the Right, and is reputed to be very anti-semitic.

*Trek*, S. Africa.

**Of Bottles—**

THE suppression of several London bottle clubs provides an appropriate opportunity to mention the existence of an International Bottle Club whose members are not in the least interested in drinking.

A certain Colonel Edward P. Bailey, an Australian, started this sodality in 1926 by placing hundreds of messages in many languages in glass bottles and scattering them, a few at a time, from the deck of a ship on its way from Vancouver to Sydney. The membership grew among the people who found the bottles and read and replied to the messages therein contained. Answers came from all quarters of the globe, and took months, and sometimes years, to arrive.

From a casual bottle-dropping concern the International Bottle Club has become a systematised business. The members collect thousands of old bottles and hand them over to passengers on long-distance ships, with requests to drop them over the side at specified points in the journey, as far as possible from land.

Records of the answers received to the bottle messages are collated and passed round, and the general idea is that the curious hobby may one day provide valuable information as to the drift of world ocean currents and the direction of winds. Some of the bottles have tortuous and long voyages: one, dropped by a Japanese Bottle Club member near Kamchatka, arrived three years later at Chile, and messages thrown overboard at Alaska have turned up in Australia.

*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

**—And Corks**

To neglect the choice of a good cork is as if a rich man, having accumulated a fortune by dint of ability and hard work, should shut it up in a safe with a poor lock.

For a bad cork can easily lead to the spoiling of a good vintage in a short time.

The wine can become 'corked', i.e. acquire a disagreeable flavour owing to the crumbling of the stopper, or, if the latter should rot, then the contents run the risk of becoming mildewy. If the closure is not perfect, the wine will turn sour.

Owing to its composition, i.e. millions of superimposed hexagonal cells, cork is the ideal material for a stopper, since it readily takes the form of the neck of the bottle and ensures a perfect fit. The colour should be almost white without any black patches, which usually denote the existence of germs.

Various methods are employed to destroy any germs which may be present in the cork, and which may later cause its deterioration and 'corking'. Large firms who can afford it should instal a steam sterilising plant.

Smaller concerns, however, cannot afford such accessories. Recourse is had to a practice which is both inexpensive and effective. Water with a certain amount of *formol* (Formic aldehyde) is gently boiled. This steam bath not only impregnates the corks with the disinfectant, but also removes a great deal of the foreign matter that may be present in them. The proportion of *formol* employed is 100 c.c. for each thousand corks.

If there is any danger of their imparting a bad flavour to the wine, the paraffin waxing method is advisable. The corks thus cannot give a bad taste to the wine. Also corks so coated are easier to draw. Against these advantages there is the possibility of their being forced out of the bottles if carbon dioxide is generated in sufficient quantities.

*Bottler and Packer.*

### Winter Sports and Spies

DURING their intensive underground campaign for seven years, a special object of the Nazis was to influence the numerous travellers who visited Austria every year.

Three centres of agitation were erected, to each of which a special district was allotted: one in Salzburg, the second in Kitzbuehel, and the third on the Arlberg. Their task was systematically to organise (1) the hotel industry and those engaged in it; (2) the Ski instructors; (3) the car-drivers, mountain guides, and porters, and to give them exact instructions as to what foreigners were to be told about Austria.

The stranger was given approximately the following picture: (1) Austria cannot exist as a small state, and the people are suffering hardships; (2) the Austrians consider themselves German, and there is a general desire for the Anschluss, which is considered the only solution; (3) therefore there are practically no Republicans in Austria and no Monarchists at all, but everybody wants only the Anschluss; (4) the Austrian Government is quite unpopular and oppresses the people.

The Ski instructors were invited to Germany, given free railway fares and treated as favoured guests, given new ski clothing and equipment, and returned to Austria as trained Nazi agents.

An innkeeper on the Arlberg was visited in the year 1934 by a German guest. The German displayed much interest in the management of the inn and made all sorts of suggestions for enlarging it and modernising it by means of central heating, running water and so on. He obtained a considerable sum for him in a very quick time from Germany, which was placed as a mortgage on the little inn, worth only about half the amount. The little mountain inn became a large modern hotel, and the little innkeeper a hôtelier. But this worthy man found himself forced to look on in silence while his home and his entire staff became the focal point of the Nazi propaganda on the Arlberg.

*Free Austria.*

### Hitler

AN old lady in London was wakened at night by an unusually loud clap of thunder, and stuck her head out of the window to see what was hit. A passing newsboy yelled up: 'It's all right, lady, it's Gawd. It ain't Hitler.'

*British Social Club Bulletin,* New York.

### British Cake Defies Goering

A CAKE which was intended to adorn the breakfast table at the wedding of a young South-east London couple was buried beneath the debris of a confectioner's shop in that neighbourhood for nearly a month. It was first ordered in March for a wedding in June; it remained in the baker's shop because the soldier-bridegroom had his leave stopped, but it should actually have been cut on the day in October when the premises were shattered by a high-explosive bomb, when it was discovered amongst the debris; it was still in its cardboard box and 'absolutely undamaged'—as the bride described it.

*Bakers' Record.*

### East End War Aims

OUR homes are piles of wreckage, some of us are refugees, and others have lost those who were very dear to them. No words of ours could minimise their distress. We shall not attempt to console the suffering, but, chaps, take care of yourselves, guard your lives jealously, because we and the other young men of Britain are destined to wipe those dirty Nazi murderers from off the face of the earth and pave the way for a new and better world.

This issue is being delivered to members' houses by bicycle—laugh that one off, Hitler!

*The Stepnian,*
Organ of the Stepney Jewish Lads' Club.

### Epitaphs on Mr. Chamberlain

*MOTHS AND WAGTAILS* ALTHOUGH the career of Mr. Neville Chamberlain was political, a considerable amount of his time was devoted to amateur natural history. In his younger days, about 1902, he was a keen member of the old Birmingham Entomological Society, and he used to exhibit at its meetings. He was usually in company with his uncle, Alderman George Kendrick, a well-known local entomologist, and Mr. Chamberlain made a special study of the camouflage of pug moths which he collected from the railings of his father's house. In later years in London, he recorded the wood-leopard moth in the garden in Downing Street; but then his interests were more devoted to ornithology, and he contributed to the annual report

on the bird sanctuaries in the Royal parks, 1936, noting pied wagtails in St. James's Park and large flocks of redwings during the frost. In addition, Mr. Chamberlain recorded the lesser black-backed gull, the carrion-crow, the swift, the kestrel, the grey wagtail, and the wheatear, in St. James's Park. He also recorded a melanic form of pied wagtail, in Downing Street, and in the garden common to Nos. 10 and 11 he maintained a bird-table and bird-boxes, inducing the blue tit to nest there.

*Nature.*

*ANTENNÆ, BUCHMAN* MR. CHAMBERLAIN had no *antennæ*, no intuitive perception of the minds of other people. It is clear that Mr. Chamberlain sincerely believed that he was God's instrument to preserve the world from the unspeakable disaster into which he afterwards led us. He may have been influenced by some of his close associates who held the Buchmanite view that international problems can be simply and safely solved by the personal collaboration of God-guided heads of States. Lord Baldwin is an even more insular man than Mr. Chamberlain, but he could not have said that the Czechs were a distant people of whom we knew nothing. He would have been aware of the repercussions of that statement. His mind, as Mr. Attlee once put it, 'was tuned in to the National wavelength', whilst Mr. Chamberlain's 'never got beyond Midland Regional'.

One could say paradoxically that Mr. Chamberlain was an unconscious Marxist. He assumed that everyone, including Hitler, is swayed by considerations of economic advantages. Hitler is not an economic man.

*New Statesman & Nation.*

*SPIRITUALIST?* NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, himself a Unitarian, must have disagreed with the funeral service they gave him in Westminster Abbey. It was full of references to orthodox sentiments to which he was opposed in earthly life. To make matters worse, a Roman Catholic touch was introduced by the burning of six tall unbleached candles at the catafalque.

A few years ago, when he was still Prime Minister, he expressed spiritualist sentiments when he received the honorary freedom of the Cordwainers' Company in the City of London. Referring to his 'dead' brother, he said: 'I feel sure he is looking on, approving.'

*Psychic News.*

**Overheard**

The rule which has held good during my lifetime is 'When the rate of interest on gilt-edged falls below three per cent, look out for a war.'—BERNARD SHAW.

Some of us have enough sense to know that the time for writing has passed, and that books are now a waste of days and paper. . . 'We literary people are so apt to be mistaken.'—EDWARD THOMPSON.

Why not make all politicians peers *before* they have messed things up, instead of after?

'BEACHCOMBER.'

Adolf Hitler's life has taught German youth that it is possible to reach the ideal of personal perfection in the purest Christian sense of the word.—*Arriba*, Spain.

I boast of being the only man in London who has been bombed off a lavatory seat while reading Jane Austen.—'CRITIC', *New Statesman.*

I cannot believe that life in England would be so pleasant if men ceased to take off their hats to women.—ROBERT LYND.

If I may make a vague guess, an acute lubricant shortage in Germany may become apparent in the first half of 1941.—LORD BEARSTED.

People who are so busy keeping up the courage and resolve of others must be somewhat apprehensive about their own.—IVOR BROWN.

We Poles consider ourselves at war with the Soviet Union. We are not at war with Italy.—M. ZALESKI.

You must fit yourselves for the commercial battle for the world's markets that will follow the war.—LORD DERBY (Rossall School Speech Day).

The trouble with us Americans in the Far East is that we are amateurs in imperialism, the fat boy with a bag of candy in a group of hungry urchins.—GENERAL HUGH JOHNSON.

Our children's children will not know real peace.—SHAW DESMOND.

Bombing, as far as it interrupts the night's rest, is nothing new to married men who, like myself, have many children.—EX-AMBASSADOR KENNEDY.

### Front Page News

*OUT THERE* ON Friday night, some juju dancers from Sapele staged a successful fetish dance in the premises of Mr. Y. O. Otubuson.

At length, after a fortnight's jubilant ceremonies of juju, headed by one Michael E. Offiong, of Calabar, who was hired by the Ataha Ekets to search out the wicked elements of the community here, much disorder and riot occurred here at the noon of the 12th inst. Several people from Ataha Eket defied Offiong, the juju manager, and assaulted his messengers.

From the information received, Offiong had ordered one Abak Asana Ekpo, who came to test him, to take off his shirt. Ekpo refused to obey, and the manager, on trying to use force, received a dirty slap registered on one of his cheeks. Meanwhile the town was astir, and the messengers were rounded up and assaulted.

*Nigerian Eastern Mail.*

*HERE* WRESTLER Divorces Rajah's Daughter' (*Headline*). That is news. So is Rajah Divorces Wrestler's Daughter. So is Wrestler's Daughter Divorces Rajah. So is Daughter Divorces Rajah's Wrestler. The drama and the bombshell consist in the words 'Wrestler and Rajah'. Substitute Fishmonger and Dry Die Sinker, and the thing isn't worth more than three columns nowadays. I forget why.

BEACHCOMBER, *Daily Express.*

### Wee Kingsley Wood Again

HOW Sir Cinquevalli Wood will obtain a big yield from the sale of goods if he stops them being sold is not evident to clear-headed people outside the Treasury.

Young children's garments and footwear (except those made wholly or partly of fur, skin or silk) are exempt. For that concession various M.P.s pressed strongly and successfully. Yet those same members permitted tax to be levied at full rate on babies' headwear and handwear!

In the wisdom (?) of Parliament, clothing for a child's feet is necessary, but that for its head and hands is a luxury. A young boy's trousers are exempt, but braces or belt to hold them up have to pay 33⅓! He can get his dressing gown free from levy, but not his handkerchiefs. When selling children's coat and hat sets, wholesalers must charge on the hat while the coat escapes!

Once Sir Cinquevalli, forgetting for a moment his cash box, talked nonsense about taking pride in shabby clothes. Then, further to show complete inconsistency, he claps full rate on sewing and darning needles to keep old clothes in repair.

*Drapers' Record.*

### Short Story

DOWN in the West Country the crew of a Nazi aircraft baled out and fell in open country. The first person one of them encountered was a rather ancient cowman on his way to get in the cows for the morning milking.

The airman, in excellent English, said: 'I am a German officer, and I wish to be taken prisoner.'

To which the cowman replied, without hesitation: 'I can't bother wi' thee now. Thee come along of I an' get in they cows, and then we'll see about thee.'

So the cows were got in, and then the captive was handed over to the village constable.

*Farmers' Weekly.*

### Sweden Dislikes Hitler's Europe

IT is clear from the results of our trade negotiations so far, and as a matter of fact it is a fundamental characteristic of our economic life, that Sweden would have nothing to gain from a one-sided attachment to a continental system, more or less pronouncedly autarchical. In their economic life and in supplies of raw materials the countries [of this system] do not supplement each other in what could be called a favourable manner.

Within such a system our big exporting industries would be able to lead a very circumscribed existence. Out of our timber exports, 53 per cent went to Great Britain in 1938, 9 to 10 per cent to Germany. Of our exports of pulp, etc., in the same year, only 2 or 3 per cent went to Germany, while Great Britain and America took nearly 60 per cent.

Furthermore, our high quality industrial products demand the world as a whole as a market, while on our part we ourselves are dependent on the world outside Europe for important raw materials necessary for our industries and general needs.

*Svenska Morgenbladet.*

# WHAT AMERICA——

*SELLING* The U.S. *Book-of-the-Month Club announces the following books as 'National Best-Sellers':*

BRITISH: *Mrs. Miniver*, by Jan Struther; *How Green was my Valley*, by Richard Llewellyn.

OTHERS: *Wind, Sand and Stars*, by Antoine de Saint Exupéry; *New England: Indian Summer*, by Van Wyck Brooks; *I Married Adventure*, by Osa Johnson; *As I Remember Him*, by Hans Zinsser; *American White Paper*, by J. Alsop and R. Kintner; *Stars on the Sea*, by F. Van Wyck Mason; *Kitty Foyle*, by Christopher Morley; *The Nazarene*, by Sholem Asch; *Days of Our Years*, by Pierre van Paassen; *Escape*, by Ethel Vance.

**GHOULISH* *Witchcraft*, by William Seabrook. Seabrook's theory: witchcraft (black magic) is potent, can kill by auto-suggestion, just as psychotherapy (white magic) can rid folk of fancy-induced but very real ills. Corollaries: (1) the witch's victim must fear, perhaps unconsciously, the power of magic; (2) witchcraft can affect only human beings.

Bits of entrail from the Seabrook cauldron:

(*a*) The 'World Champion Lady Vampire of All Time'—Countess Elizabeth Bathory of Hungary, who liked to bathe in human blood, was condemned in 1611 for slaughtering some three hundred peasant maids.

(*b*) An adventure in which Seabrook, using black magic and a nail-studded doll, almost killed a French wizard who had cast a deadly spell over Mrs. Seabrook.

*Time.*

*FEMININE* MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON is eighty-three years old. Her new novel, *The House of Lee*, begins: '"Anne is a bitch," said Miss Lee, in her clipped college accent.'

*American Mercury.*

*READING* AT this moment of writing, the best-selling book in the United States (outside works of fiction) is *How to Read a Book*, by Dr. Mortimer J. Adler.

**See article on page 41.*

Well, it is remarkable—isn't it?—that in this year of disgrace, when a thousand things compete with reading books, thousands of people every day are *buying* a book that tells them how to read it.

Instead of proclaiming that reading a book is *easy*, and that anyone can turn the trick, he makes it so hard that many Miss Moffetts will be frightened away, and will (like the dog in Scripture) return to their trivial magazines. His list of books suggested for reading, which he places at the end of his own, is the dreariest and most repellent list of books I have ever seen.

Dr. Adler prescribes four books by Hegel! Very good reading for hell.

*The Rotarian.*

*DARKLING* H. G. WELLS warns in the preface that his new book, *Babes in the Darkling Wood*, contains many dialogues of considerable length, and these, he asserts, make it a novel of ideas. Never before has he sought to cram in so many ideas. Nor has he ever assembled such a troupe of long-winded talkers.

There is some good talk, to be sure, and many flashes of the old Wells. But to-day, readers expect more of him than sending a pair of Babes out to get lost in the Unabridged.

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

*HIGH LIFE* MRS. MILLER has written a romantic short novel in verse. To expect an Englishman to take an unprejudiced view of this loving, understanding, deeply moving salute to his country is to expect too much. Perhaps, when the white cliffs were at peace, when the aristocratic families of England were complacently moving through their privileged lives and not sitting in air-raid shelters wearing gas-masks and playing cribbage with the cook, I might have jeered a little at the accoutrements of 'High Life' which decorate the early part of this poem. But now I cannot. Those privileged lives are as much a part of my country's tradition as the George Belcher charwoman.

NOEL COWARD (reviewing Alice Duer Miller's *The White Cliffs* in *New York Herald-Tribune*).

## ——*IS READING*

*CLEAN JOB* *War Propaganda and the United States*, by Harold Lavine and James Wechsler. Sponsored by the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, this is a pretty objective review of propaganda efforts—foreign and domestic, interventionist and isolationist—to put us into the present war or keep us out of it. The authors suggest that Mr. Roosevelt has been moving toward intervention. A clean, thorough job.

*New Yorker.*

*FOR CAPITAL* LOUIS M. HACKER, of Columbia University, puts the question about our economic system: 'Was American capitalism a success?'

Mr. Hacker's new book, *The Triumph of Capitalism*, for all the fault that it finds, says that it was and is. However wastefully our capitalism may have operated, it conquered and harnessed the natural resources of a vast land and filled it with agencies for turning out consumer goods in an overwhelming flood.

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

*AGAINST CAPITAL* LEO HUBERMAN, labour editor of *PM*, presents in *America Incorporated*, an easy-to-read, tolerably documented, definitely Leftish economic history of the United States, devoted for the most part to the New Deal years. Capitalism, he says, is our only issue, and it must go because it prevents America, Inc., from being operated for the benefit of its 130,000,000 stockholders.

*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

*TOSS-UP* *About Spiders*, by Elaine V. Emans. The author explodes the notion that female spiders invariably eat the males after mating. It's a toss-up, she says. It all depends on whether the female is hungry or not.

*New Yorker.*

*REMEMBERING* JOHN BUCHAN'S *Memory-Hold-the-Door* is an autobiography of a very high order, and amongst its other, more unqualified, satisfactions, is that of irony, as when it deprecates Sir Henry Wilson for adopting 'too readily the French cult of the offensive'.

*Christian Science Monitor.*

*BOHEMIAN* *Romantic Rebel: the Life and Times of George Sand*, by Felizia Seyd. The Romantics did not wage merely literary war. They roamed the streets at night intimidating tradesmen, yowling under citizens' windows, smashing panes, frightening cats and dogs. They drank unlimited quantities of beer and rum, smoked one pipe after another. When liquor and nicotine failed, they tried opium, morphine, hashish.

Dressed in a man's top hat and boots, George Sand felt perfectly at home in this atmosphere. She was twenty-six. Sandeau, delicate and dandified, was twenty. Soon they were collaborating on a novel. She soon wrote a best seller, *Indiana*. She followed it up with two more successes. She was a leader of the Romantics.

Meantime, George Sand looked for a replacement for Jules Sandeau. She tried Prosper Mérimée. Then Sainte-Beuve, the great critic, offered practical advice: Why not try Alfred de Musset? He was twenty-four and George Sand was thirty when they went together to Italy.

But she nursed him through seventeen days of illness, complicated by delirium tremens, then ran away with his Italian doctor.

In 1836 Comrade Sand met Pianist Chopin. He was twenty-seven and she was thirty-three. She called tuberculous Chopin: '*Mon cher cadavre* (My dear corpse).'

*Time.*

*AUTOPSY ON FRANCE* FRANCE was defeated before the war broke out, and by Frenchmen; and we in America, supposedly served by the best newspaper press in the world, hadn't even a premonitory whiff of it. *J'Accuse!*—written by a political reporter for a great Paris paper—shows up the clayey feet of the men at the top who, as Carleton Beals says in his introduction, 'enjoyed the adulation of even the best American commentators'. If only a tithe of the revelations in *J'Accuse!* is true, France had been thoroughly eroded with dry rot long before September 3, 1939.

*Atlantic Monthly.*

*BAUDOUIN SPEAKS* YOU have just witnessed the vote of the National Assembly abolishing the Constitution of 1875. Mark you, it is not a question of a sudden decision, hastily taken under the shock of our terrible defeat. No, the total revolution which begins in France from this solemn hour has been prepared by twenty years of uncertainty, discontent, and unrest.

For the last twenty years, under the disarming appearance of constitutional government, revolution was seething in France. The violent outbreak of February 6, 1934, the sit-down strikes of 1936 and 1937, were symptoms of the malady from which France suffered. The war proved an unbearable strain upon our already weakened system.

Many Frenchmen, especially younger Frenchmen, while tolerating a corrupt political system, dreamed of the political and moral transformation of their country. The dream is taking shape. Our national revolution will bear fruit.

I declare that this action is taken of our own free will. We are not copying our conquerors. We do not seek to please them by rejecting parliamentary traditions which they themselves have condemned. We shall find our own solutions for the problems that face every society, every State; solutions that correspond to our national character, our needs, and our best traditions. The France of history will find itself again in the France of to-morrow. Having repudiated our institutions in order to revivify them it would be unpardonable of us to fail.

The world before May 10, 1940, is definitely buried. Very soon we shall inaugurate in France new relations between capital and labour, a new administrative order, a new educational system, and a life based on authority and obedience.

PAUL BAUDOUIN,
*Journal de Génève*, Switzerland.

*WE'RE ALL JEWS* THE King of England and Israel, the Jew Halifax, for his name and appearance brand him as such—all Jews and illegitimate sons of Jews up to the highest classes, which are related to Jews, as all Englishmen are —such people presume nothing less than to call a crusade of Christianity.

*Il Tevere*, Rome.

*RIVER BUG* ALMOST unnoticed, German-Soviet negotiations have been taking place concerning the regulation of the river Bug over its course from Brzesc to Modlin. A special German expert commission has put forward plans worked out in detail for the Russians' consideration, which Moscow must approve, out of regard to the nature of the river Bug as a frontier river. This news appears at first glance to be devoid of any greater importance, but in reality it is a harbinger of action, the importance of which it is difficult to estimate at the moment. It is the greatest reconstruction of waterways ever planned in Central Europe.

On the one hand, it is a question of facilitating the exchange of goods between the Reich and Russia, on the other, it is a question of preventing in future the disastrous floods of the Vistula, which threaten the agricultural production of a considerable area of fertile land. These plans will bring nearer the Reich the Ukraine, which is so rich in corn, ores and even oil.

*Völkischer Beobachter.*

*DEVIL-MAY-CARE* ALTHOUGH the English *communiqué* on the air raid on Taranto was exaggerated, it is a fact that the true happenings at Taranto were sad enough. Some devil-may-care, foolhardy British pilots succeeded in firing torpedoes at Italian warships, and damage was done to the young Italian fleet, which is only in its most painful growing stages.

The loss suffered will be felt for a long time, although one warship only was severely damaged and others slightly damaged. The strength of the Italian fleet has certainly not been increased through this, but Mussolini has given the assurance that it is still strong enough to safeguard the Mediterranean.

*Frankfürter Zeitung.*

*SCHRECKLICH* TELEPHONIC communication between London and the provinces is prohibited. Children are running distraught about the streets searching for their parents, a spectacle which recalls the worst period of the Bolshevist revolution. All cinemas have been shut since September. Epidemics are raging, the weather making it impossible to check them.

*Neueste Nachrichten*, Munich.

*Printed in Great Britain by The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Review of Reviews Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.*